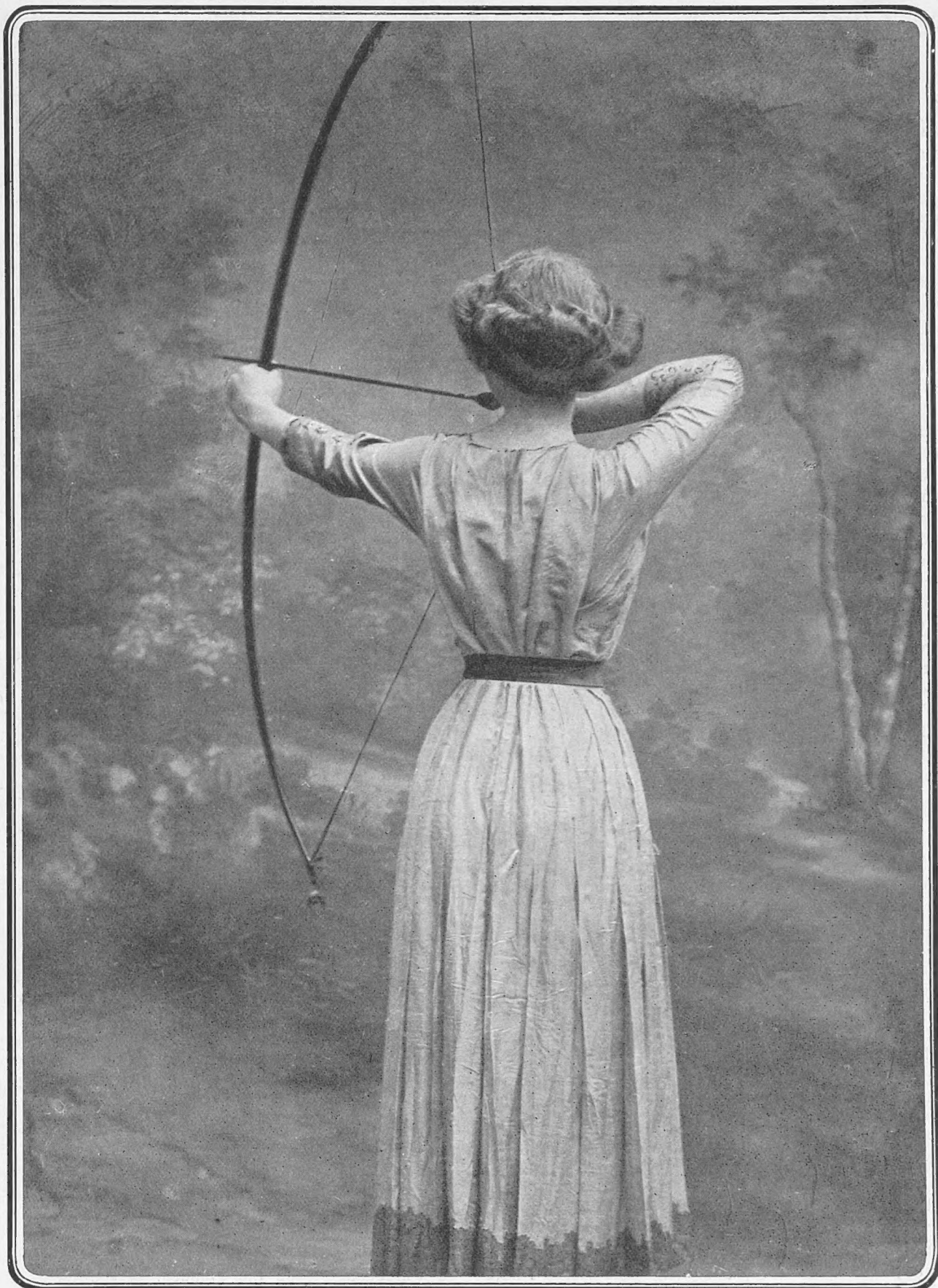


# The Sketch

No. 938.—Vol. LXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1911.

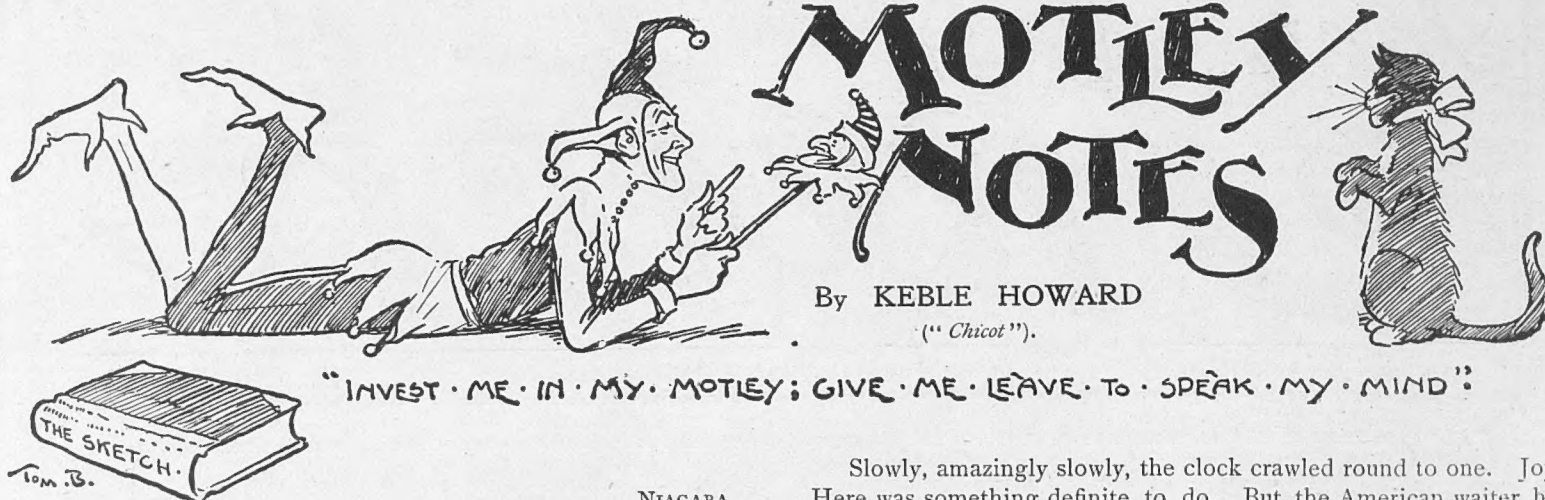
SIXPENCE.



BELLE AND BOW: LADY DIANA MANNERS, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE  
AND DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, AS ARCHER.

Lady Diana is the youngest of the three beautiful Manners sisters, and is not yet nineteen. It will be remembered that her sister, Lady Violet, is to marry the Hon. Hugo Charteris, eldest son of Lord Elcho and grandson of the Earl of Wemyss, early next month. Her eldest sister is Lady Victoria Manners.

*Photograph by W.G.P.*



NIAGARA.

(Concluded from last week.)

—water!

However, the cable held and I was saved. By way of thanksgiving, I bought some foolish trinkets in the bazaar, and then rejoined my guide-driver.

"Now I'm going to show you the Falls," he said.

This seemed a good idea. One had heard about these Falls all one's life; one had seen thousands of pictures of them; one had even paid them the compliment of coming into their neighbourhood.

"There you are," said the driver, pointing with his whip.

"Are those the Falls?"

"Why, certainly they are!"

"All of them?"

"How's that?"

"Are there any more anywhere?"

"If there are, they'll be new ones on me. What's the matter with these? Don't you like them?"

"Yes, thank you; I like them very much."

"Get down and have a good look at them."

I got down. I went quite close to the Falls. I could have touched them with my umbrella had I happened to possess one. I peered over the edge. I studied the foam. I listened to the continuous roar. And yet, at the risk of hurting the feelings of my good friends the Americans, to say nothing of the Canadians on the other side of the river, I received no thrill. Honestly, I tried tremendously hard to get a thrill. I kept on saying to myself, "These are the famous Niagara Falls! You're actually looking at them! Aren't they wonderful? Aren't they terrific? All day and all night they go on like this, from year's end to year's end! The water never stops, never dries up! Think of that! Try to realise it! Try to figure it out in gallons! Imagine yourself being carried over the edge in a barrel! Just fancy that!"

It was not a bit of good. The thrill was as far away as ever. Perhaps I was too cold or too tired. It seemed a monstrous thing to stand staring at Niagara Falls as phlegmatically as though one were looking at a cab or a garden-rake. I was very angry with myself, and not a little ashamed. I could hardly face the driver.

"Well," he said, "what d'you think of 'em now you've had a new view?"

"Marvellous! Wonderful! Astounding!"

"There's no hurry, you know. I mean to say, go the limit. Have another good look if you feel that way."

"Thank you very much, but I think that will do. I've formed a very fair impression of them."

"Just as you like. I'll take you over the bridge to the Canadian side."

I saw the Union Jack on the Canadian side. That gave me more thrill than all the Falls. It was floating over a little building in Victoria Park. I stared at it stupidly for a moment, not realising that I was on British territory. I even went so far as to say to the driver, "Why do they fly the British flag here?" He made no reply. Clearly, I was not a great hit with him.

We were back at the hotel at twelve o'clock. I had done the Falls in record time, and was now free to amuse myself in the City of Niagara until eight o'clock in the evening. There would be lunch, of course, and there would be dinner. The day, as I have said, is Sunday. I don't know whether Niagara is very gay on a weekday; on Sunday, at any rate, it is nice and quiet. You can write post-cards or you can take a walk to the Falls and back. Having been to the Falls, I sat down and wrote some post-cards.

Slowly, amazingly slowly, the clock crawled round to one. Joy! Here was something definite to do. But the American waiter has small sympathy with the mere time-killer. From his point of view, the main ingredient of any meal is speed. The pace at which he crosses the floor is enough to give a sensitive man indigestion. A rattle, three whisks, and a bang—the meal is over. I intended to waste at least an hour over my lunch—I was out of the room in rather less than twenty minutes. There is no resisting the fellow: he is a whirlwind in a dress-suit, entirely surrounded by plates.

What next? I approach the gentleman at the desk. I open my heart to him. What can a stranger find to do in the City of Niagara on a Sunday? Have I seen the Falls? Yes, I have seen the Falls. His countenance lightens. A little way down the street I shall find a moving-picture show. The entertainment begins at two-thirty. What am I to amuse myself with until two-thirty? He shrugs his shoulders somewhat impatiently. This decides me. I will take another look at the Falls.

There they are, thundering away just as before. I make a desperate attempt to find some new beauty in them. I fail. The water comes to the edge and topples over. That is all. Sadly, listlessly, I seek out the moving-picture show.

For twenty-five cents I buy myself a seat in a large box. The house is nearly full. It is a nice, new house. Down go the lights. I follow the fortunes of a young woman who is pursued by a wicked Mexican. The wicked Mexican is pursued, in his turn, by the young woman's male relations. Puffs of smoke appear on the screen. Riderless horses gallop in all directions. I am awakened by somebody falling over my legs in the dark. Another seat in the box has been sold. I recognise a gentleman from my hotel.

We become acquainted, and walk back to the hotel together. He tells me, in the most friendly way, his name and his business. He invites me to sit in the window with him and stare at the street. This is one of the favourite pastimes at Niagara. The windows in the hall of the hotel reach from floor to ceiling, and are innocent of curtains. All the chairs face the windows. You sit there as though you were on sale, and the pretty townfolk walk to and fro outside, inspecting you.

We kill an hour in this modest way, and then a friend calls for my acquaintance and they go out together. Lucky, lucky man! He has a friend in Niagara; they have gone out together. There are still nearly two hours before dinner. Shall I write some more postcards? No. I cannot think of anybody else to whom to write. Shall I try the Falls for the third time? No. I loathe the very idea of those Falls. Happy thought! I will go to the station and make sure of the time of my train.

I was quite right about the time. The train leaves at eight—not a moment before. I stroll across to the bookstall. Nothing on the bookstall that really excites me. I remark to the young woman in charge that the day has been a cold one. "Yep," she replies. She does not even pretend to be interested. I leave the station and return to the hotel.

The same people are sitting in the same places, staring out at the same street. I resolve, manfully, to fill in the hour before dinner by jotting down my impressions of Niagara. I must make them bright and jolly; it is my mission in life to be bright and jolly. Not a word about being bored, or anything of that sort. I will enlarge upon the grandeur of the Falls, the roar of the waters, the terrific sublimity of it all. They shall not call me Mark Tapley for nothing. . . .

Here, friend the reader, you have the evidence of my strength of will.

## MUSICAL COMEDY AND THE PEERAGE: ANOTHER ROMANCE.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: MISS ZENA DARE AND THE HON. MAURICE BRETT, SECOND SON OF LORD ESHER, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

An engagement is announced between Miss Zena Dare, the popular musical-comedy actress, and Captain the Hon. Maurice Brett, second son of Viscount Esher. Captain Brett, who is in the Coldstreams, was born in 1882. He is A.D.C. to the Inspector-General of the Forces, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and a member of the Victorian Order (Fifth Class). Miss Dare, who was born in February 1887, is a daughter of Mr. Arthur Dones.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, and Gale and Falden.]

## LITTLE GUESTS OF THE LADY MAYORESS:

THE FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



1. MASTER MATHEW FARRIS AS THE KING OF CADONIA.  
 4. MISS MARJORIE DANIELS AS A RUSSIAN PEASANT.  
 7. MISS MOLLY BARRY AS SCOTLAND.

2. MASTER IAN HASSALL AS RUFF AND READY.  
 5. MISS "MINTY LAMB" (MR. G. R. SIMS'S NIECE) AS A NORWEGIAN PEASANT.  
 8. MISS AGNES FERARD AS GAINSBOROUGH'S "DUCHESS OF GRAFTON."

3. MISS MAY RUDGE AS JOAN OF ARC.  
 6. MASTER ERIC BENDER AS TARIFF REFORM.  
 9. MASTER CUTHBERT GILL AS CHARLES SURFACE.

Photographs 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 by Lafayette; 1, by Vandyk; 5, by Foulsham and Banfield.

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## LITTLE GUESTS OF THE LADY MAYORESS:

THE FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



1. MISS MARJORIE MOLYNEUX AS SUNFLOWER.  
4. MISS KATHLEEN BURN AS MAID MARIAN.  
7. MASTER DANIEL CASMAN AS RICHARD I.

2. THE MISSES NORAH AND MARJORIE LAYMAN AS QUEEN MARY AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.  
5. MISS DAPHNE HARMSWORTH AS BRITANNIA.  
8. MISS EILEEN LAZENBY AND THE MASTERS CECIL AND LIONEL LAZENBY AS RED INDIANS.

3. MASTER CECIL DESMOND HARMSWORTH AS PETER PAN.  
6. MASTER RODNEY BURN AS ROBIN HOOD.  
9. MISS BELLE HASSALL AS A PERSIAN.

Photographs 3, 4, 5, 6 and 9 by Lafayette; 2 and 7, by Speaight; 8, by Vandyk.

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The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-two (from Oct. 12, 1910  
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Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

### BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

LONDON is the biggest city in the world, and "The Post Office  
London Directory" is worthy of it. There is something  
awe-inspiring in the thought that within the covers of this  
monumental tome are the names of all the people who guide the  
fortunes of the Metropolis and create its prosperity, and therewith  
in great part the fortunes and prosperity of the whole vast Empire  
of which London is the capital. It would seem superfluous to enter  
on an account of the contents of the London Directory, since it  
is so familiar a feature in the landscape of offices, clubs and libraries,  
not only in London itself, but in places all the world over where  
correspondents require the addresses of Londoners and other  
London information. Suffice it to add that it is published by  
Kelly's Directories, Ltd., High Holborn, in one volume (including  
the County Suburbs) at 40s., or two volumes at 43s. 6d. "The  
London County Suburbs Directory" can be had separately at 15s.  
Each contains an excellent map.

Music-lovers will welcome the appearance of "Stokes' Cyclo-  
pædia of Music and Musicians," by L. J. de Bekker, published by  
Messrs. W. and R. Chambers. Handy in size, it yet covers the  
whole period of musical history from the earliest times to the season  
of 1909-10, modern works, composers, and performers finding place  
in it as well as the old masters and classics of music. Opera being  
sung in nearly every language but English, it is especially convenient  
to have the stories of the chief operas told in brief summaries.  
The book might perhaps be more widely useful if it were extended  
on the modern and popular side in a future edition, so as to include  
such composers as Oscar Straus (it gives, of course, Richard and  
Johann with the double "s"), and such musical personalities as  
"Jimmy" Glover, of Drury Lane, and some of the new-risen  
operatic stars. It is generally the modern people for whom a new  
book of reference is chiefly required. The old folks are generally  
to be found in the old books.

### THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

**JOHN LONG.**  
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The Testament of John Hastings. A. C. Fox Davies. 6s.  
The Other Wife. Olivia Ramsey. 6s.  
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A Priestess of Humanity. Mrs. Stanley Wrench. 6s.  
The Diary of My Honeymoon. Lady X. 6s.  
The Mating of Anthea. Arabella Kenealy. 6s.  
Demetrius and Daisy. Evelyn Mountjoy. 6s.  
Patricia of Pall Mall. Curtis Yorke. 6s.  
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Hawtreys Deputy. Harold Bindloss. 6s.  
The Brand of Silence. Fred M. White. 6s.  
MILLS AND BOON  
Some Experiences of a Political Agent. 6s.  
The Mountain of God. E. S. Stevens. 6s.  
GRANT RICHARDS.  
Mediterranean Moods. J. E. Crawford Flitch, M.A. 12s. 6d. net.  
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ELLIOT STOCK.  
Facts and Fallacies Regarding the Bible. William Wood Smyth. 3s. 6d. net.  
J. WILLING JUN.  
Willing's Press Guide. 1911.  
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The Beauty Doctor. Florence Warden. 6s.  
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JOHN LANE.  
The New Machiavelli. H. G. Wells. 6s.  
STANLEY PAUL.  
The Justice of the King. Hamilton Drummond. 6s.  
The Riding-Master. Dolf Wyllarde. 6s.  
Sidelights on the Court of France. Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. 7s. net.

### TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on  
its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.  
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be  
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to  
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,  
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and  
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are  
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,  
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.  
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published  
photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect.  
The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of  
each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—  
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider  
Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary  
rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred  
to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their  
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs  
sent for his approval.

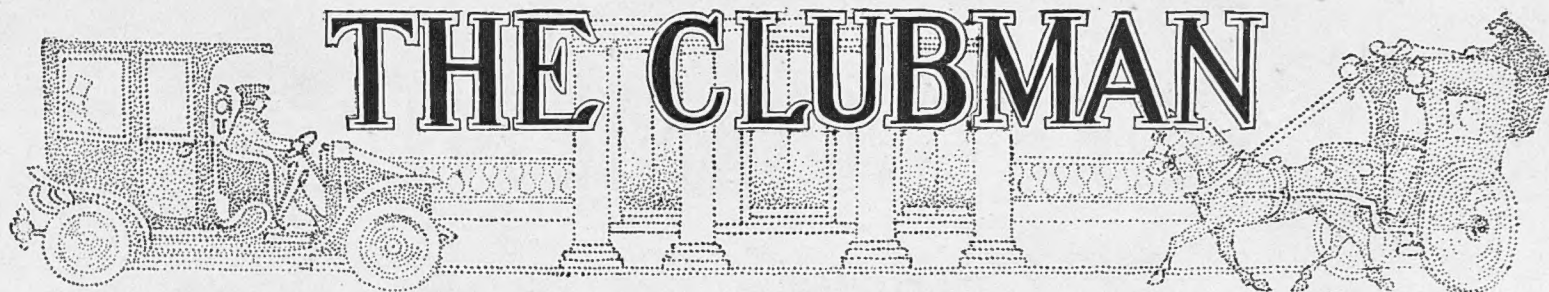
Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be  
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the  
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of  
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.  
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



### The Veteran Reserve.

The Lord Mayor has not only headed the list of distinguished people in signing an appeal to old soldiers of all kinds and all classes to become members of the Veteran Reserve, but has also joined the Reserve himself. The great firm of Waring shows the way in which bodies of the Veteran Reserve can be best organised by establishing a company of old soldiers amongst the employees of the firm. Men who enlist in the Veteran Reserve will like to know who are to be their comrades if the order for embodiment ever comes, and men of one firm, or, for that matter, of one club, will enjoy a muster all the more if the men of their squad are their friends and acquaintances. Some of our great clubs might well put their companies on parade. It may be thought that the Service clubs should show the way in this matter; but a great proportion of their military members who are not over sixty years of age are either on the Active List or belong to one of the Reserves.

### Russian Interest in Boy Scouts.

The visit of "B.-P." to Russia was, I believe, made in response to a wish expressed by the Tsar that the Boy Scout movement should be extended to Russia. As yet Russia has not understood the non-military lines on which our Boy Scout organisation flourishes. The little fellows who were gathered together to greet Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell at St. Petersburg were small boys, who drill with toy rifles and wooden bayonets covered with silver paper. They are the germ of Volunteer cadets, not of Boy Scouts. The excellent work done by our little lads is continually being proved. I am told that after the great colliery catastrophe near Bolton the heroes of the occasion were miners, who tramped from all over the country to volunteer for rescue work, without pay, and two small Boy Scouts. These two little fellows, home for their Christmas holidays, came to the organisers of the rescue parties and asked if they could be of service. They ran errands all day long, and carried messages to the telephone operators; they were on the spot whenever they were wanted, found their own food and a sleeping-place for themselves, and proved themselves auxiliaries of the highest value. I hope that some medal or some honourable mention may come the way of these two little knights-errant, who showed how useful Boy Scouts may be in their proper sphere. I am glad to read that the War Office disclaims any intention of throwing cold water on the Boy Scout movement, and is only not willing that official military countenance should be given to a non-military organisation.

### Indian Ladies-in-Waiting.

The Rane of Vizianagram, who has petitioned her Majesty the Queen-Empress, through Lady Hardinge, to include some Indian ladies of high rank amongst her ladies-in-waiting when she comes to India for the Coronation Durbar, has opened a subject which bristles with every kind of difficulty. India, with its different races and different religions and its manifold perplexities of caste, has amongst the wives and daughters

of the great rulers some ladies who can appear in public without its being accounted a shame to them; whereas to ask some of the Maharajahs and Princes to allow their wives to show their faces at a great Durbar would be to ask them to allow their womenfolk to do something which would be considered disgraceful. It might, perhaps, be a blow to the Purdah if her Majesty selected as her Indian ladies-in-waiting those Princesses who are not always behind the veil; but it might be a cause of offence to those chiefs whose wives could not be asked to be in attendance.

### The Cemetery at Alipore.

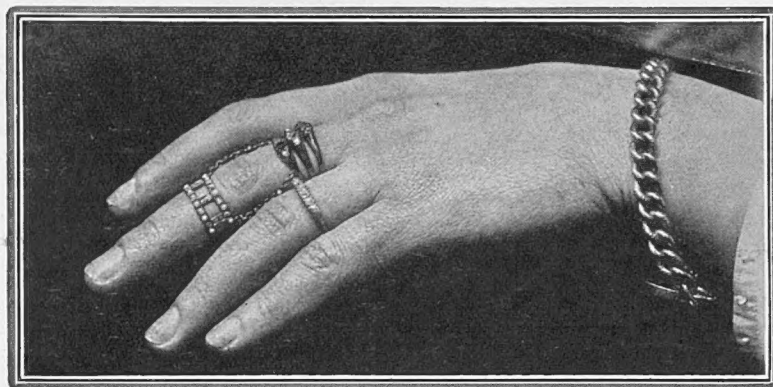
That the grave of Dickens'

soldier son should only now have been discovered in the cemetery at Alipore, where the headstone stood amidst a growth of great grasses, might seem as though the graveyards of our countrymen in the

capital of our Eastern Empire were in a neglected state. This, however, is not the case, for a certain number of gardeners are always at work in the old Indian cemeteries; but the climate, the torrential rains, and the fierce heat work quicker than any *mali*, and destroy everything destructible, and cover up and obliterate everything small. There is nothing sadder than an afternoon spent in the great cemeteries of Calcutta or Dum-Dum or Barrackpore, where the stately monuments erected to great men of bygone days gradually crumble into decay, and the inscriptions are blotted out by fungi and lichens. Little trees sprout out from crevices in the masonry and gradually tear it asunder, and great creepers writhe like snakes over the monuments, thrusting in arms wherever they can find an opening. Young Dickens went to India when he was sixteen, to join a regiment which had been swept off the rolls of John Company's soldiers by the Mutiny. He campaigned with the Black Watch; but, like many another lad, the climate claimed him as a victim, and he died at Calcutta, waiting for that ship which was never to carry him home. We send our lads out to India now at a more mature age, and we send them up to the hills to pass the hot weather in a cool atmosphere. But the hills in young Dickens' time were only mountains to be looked at from afar from the plains when the weather was clear, and were not eyries to which the young and the weak and the invalids can now fly from the oven-heat of the plains in summer.

### Registration of Revolvers.

The idea of the registration of revolvers, and the grant of permits to carry them only to soldiers and police and people whose duty requires them to be armed, sounds an easy way of depriving the armed alien burglar of his weapon. But burglars have always been able to obtain the tools of their calling, in spite of police efforts to crush the trade, and the burglar's revolver would only cost him a larger sum than it does now. It would be small consolation to the peaceful citizen, deprived of his weapon of defence, to know that the burglar who crawled into his bedroom at 2 a.m. had no permit for the revolver he was carrying.



THE ABOVE-AND-BELOW-THE-KNUCKLE RING.

This curious double ring, one circle of which is worn above the knuckle and one below it, consists of the two rings already mentioned and chains which join these together.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



WEIRD GARB FOR A PREACHER: CAPTAIN R. BRODIE, OF THE SALVATION ARMY, AS HE APPEARS WHEN GIVING A "CHARACTER SERMON" ON DEATH.

Captain Brodie has chosen an extraordinary method of appealing to hearers. He wants his audience to remember what they see, believing that they speedily forget what they hear. He wants, he says, while preaching upon death, as he is doing this month, to frighten people into thinking about death and what comes after. This is one of a series of what he describes as "Character Sermons."

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

SCIENTIFIC persons tell us that the light of the new star in the Milky Way, which has just reached us, started two years before George III. came to the throne. What with the Battle of Stepney, and other little occurrences of the sort, it would have been far better for the new star's morals if it had stayed quietly at home.

## OVERDOING IT.

(A passenger in France has been awarded fifty francs damages against a railway company because his train was started out of the station two minutes too early.)



Here's a little item that's deserving of publicity,  
And absolutely fit to be immortalised in rhyme:  
France has scored a record goal in railway eccentricity

By actually sending off a train ahead of time.  
And as across the Channel they've unenvied notoriety

For an ordinary service that's unpunctual and slow.

This cheerful innovation seemed to promise some variety,  
And the chance of an experiment in energy and go.

And therefore it is sad to see the brand of illegality,  
In the shape, unsympathetic of a monetary fine,  
Has judiciously been stamped on the excessive punctuality  
Of the zealous station-master of an enterprising line.  
But restrain the purple epithets of insular ferocity  
If you happen to be dawdling through the Continent by rail,  
And remember, when you grumble at the absence of velocity,  
The unpardonable sinner is our old friend *trop de zèle*.

According to the *New York Herald*, the ideal American husband is a fat, good-natured man who neither smokes nor drinks, but likes to see his wife's friends enjoy themselves. Perhaps that is why so many American women marry abroad.



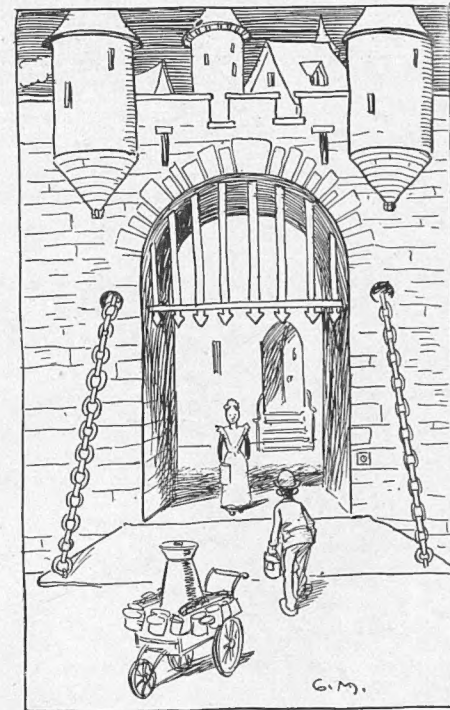
Roller-skating is now permitted to little boys in the streets. Let us hope that the first person to be knocked over by the skaters will be a Cabinet Minister, or something of the sort, for the safety of the public.

The latest merry quip in Paris is to go into one of the polyglot post-offices and address the employés in English. It is safer than trying the game with the polyglot policemen, who got impatient after a bit when spoken to in anything but French.

"Eat your food rapidly and savagely, and you will never suffer from indigestion," says the *Daily Mirror's* tame doctor. This is the last chance, and if it fails, we shall have to give up eating altogether.

Mme. Curie, it has been officially decided, is not eligible for the "immortality" of the French Academy. But, like Mrs. Wiggs, she ain't worryin'. Radium has already conferred sufficient immortality on her.

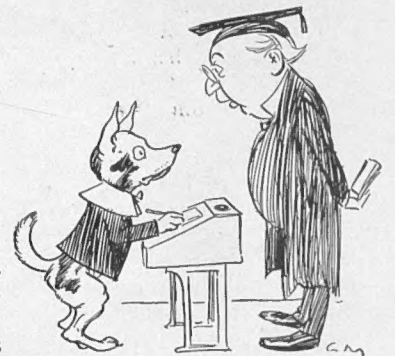
Professor Milne telegraphs that after the great earthquake in Central Asia, the earth is gradually coming to rest. Like ourselves, it has been getting over a mixture of Christmas festivities and General Election.



for the safety of the public.

That's all very well for the bachelor man,  
That doubly fortunate wight,  
Who's perfectly free to indulge in a game  
Of footer the livelong night;  
But the married man has a rotten chance  
Of living his hundred years,  
For his wife with a club of a different sort  
Would bang him about the ears.

Don, the learned German dog,  
has just passed an examination  
before a Commission. Dogs are by no means so intelligent as their admirers have made out, or they would never have put themselves in danger of Burlington House in this foolish manner. Let us hope, anyhow, that the most objectionable little beasts of lap-dogs will get spun by the Civil Service Commissioners.



The humane mouse-trap, which merely electrocutes its victims, is the latest American dodge. Mice are of opinion that the only humane mouse-trap is a bit of toasted cheese in a cosy corner, without any murderous contrivance attached to it.

The newest Garden City will provide houses of the Baronial Hall type at a rental of £100 a year. The directors are showing real enterprise in thus getting ready for the wants of the "black-leg" peers.

An extraordinary sea monster, the species of which has not yet been ascertained, has been captured in fishing-nets near Toulon. It won't do. England insists upon the Sea Serpent, and will not be put off with any fraudulent imitations.



A horrible rumour has been going about that half the bread of this country is adulterated with the bones of donkeys and suchlike.

It was a great relief to read in the *Express* that donkeys' bones are too valuable as manure to be used for mere bread. A roll and butter, please!

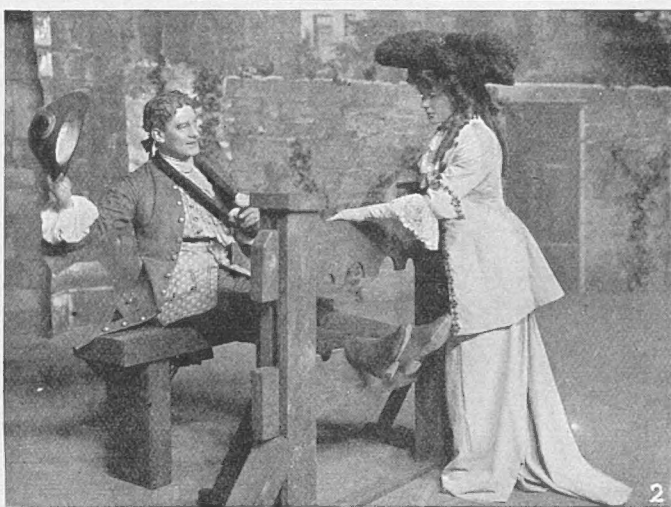
At last! Mr. Henry Leach says that golfers are beginning to get as tired of golfing chestnuts as the rest of us have been for many years. Nineteen Hundred and Eleven is really going to be a Wonder Year, after all.

This is an age of definitions. Mr. Fordham has decided that cocoa-powder containing eighteen per cent. of ground shell is "commercial cocoa." Something ought to be done for the man who likes his ground shell pure, and unadulterated by extraneous cocoa.

Fewer novels were issued last year. It is a pity that the publishers cannot conscientiously add, "and better."



## THE GLOBE'S HERO: MR. BERTRAM WALLIS AS BEAU BROCADE.



1. CAPTAIN BATHURST (BEAU BROCADE) HALF SHAKES THE LIFE OUT OF THE WICKED SIR HUMPHREY CHALLONER.
2. BEAU BROCADE PLACES HIMSELF IN THE STOCKS, THAT LADY PATIENCE GASCOYNE MAY SYMPATHISE WITH HIM.

3. BEAU BROCADE WITH HIS LADY LOVE'S ROSE.
4. MR. BERTRAM WALLIS AS BEAU BROCADE.
5. BEAU BROCADE DISGUISED AS A SHEPHERD.
6. MR. BERTRAM WALLIS AS BEAU BROCADE.

Beau Brocade contrives to outwit his enemies, the soldiery, by disguising himself in the smock and hat of the shepherd, Jock Miggs. Thus he is able to defeat the ends of the wicked Sir Humphrey Challoner. In the illustrations are (1) Mr. Bertram Wallis as Captain Jack Bathurst, known as Beau Brocade, and Mr. J. J. Bartlett as Sir Humphrey Challoner. (2) Mr. Wallis as Beau Brocade and Miss Grace Lane as Lady Patience Gascoyne.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]

# SMALL TALK

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK will be the first member of the royal family to attend a dance since the death of Edward VII., himself a great dancer. Up to the last years of his life he took an active—an extraordinarily active—part in such balls as he attended, never relinquishing the quick *deux-temps* waltz of his youth, that had lost favour with a younger generation. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, while they can, like Prince Alexander, give their patronage to dances organised in the name of charity, will not themselves give any until the expiration of Court mourning in May. Lord Aberdeen will have no personal regrets concerning this enforced restriction; he knows but one dance! To his credit be it recorded that he never shirks his part in the poetry of motion on this account. Lady Aberdeen's programme always includes one number, long vanished from other cards, for his special patronage—a polka!

*Impressions.* Lady Maitland, after traversing the Upper Nile, settled in Lower Sloane Street in time to join the Rough Riders in the preparations for their dance last Friday.

fact, to be placed beside some of the miniatures that decorate the famous Lauderdale snuff-boxes. Lord Lauderdale, her father-in-law, was, it will be remembered, the defendant in last year's historic case as to the identity of the rightful Standard Bearer to the Kings of Scotland—a functionary who will be much to the fore come June.



MR. AND MRS. W. R. D. BECKETT, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK. Mrs. Beckett was Miss Ivy Nina Goring; she is the only daughter of Mr. H. R. Goring. Mr. W. R. D. Beckett, C.M.G., is First Secretary of the British Legation at Bangkok. Photographs by Elliott and Fry.

Countess Cowper, despite the slight severity of manner which finds fit—very fit—expression in the black dress, high at the neck, she wears at dinner, has the kindest of hearts, and has been entertaining—and really entertaining—young people at Panshanger. Lord Hugh Cecil, at first sight, might seem another incongruity amid the merry. But he, too, warmed to the work and play that make a young company's diversions specially delightful. Lord Hugh gets plenty of ragging from irreverent nieces, and other maidens not impressed by the dignities of politics, and only then does he seem quite happy. Lord and Lady Desborough and Lord and Lady Manners, who also met among the Vandykes of Panshanger, were youngest of the young; and Lady Horner and her son brought



ENGAGED TO MR. WILLIAM H. WATNEY, ELDEST SON OF DR. WATNEY, OF PANGBOURNE; MISS MARY EDITH GULL, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF SIR CAMERON GULL, Bt.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



GIVER OF A BALL LAST WEEK IN HONOUR OF THE COMING OF AGE OF HER NEPHEW, MR. REGINALD RAWDON-HASTINGS; LADY LOUDOUN, WIFE OF THE EARL OF LOUDOUN.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MRS. T. RUPERT CLUTTERBUCK (FORMERLY MISS POCKLINGTON-SENHOUSE), WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. T. R. CLUTTERBUCK, OF THE COLDSTREAMS, TOOK PLACE ON THE 12TH.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Lady Constance Villiers, Mrs. Pawson, and Lady Victoria Villiers are among the officers' ladies who help to make this annual function go with a rattle—not, of course, of rough dancing. They were the last dancers to steer their way among the disconcerting canvases of Post-Impressionism. "I have never been through country like this before," observed one of the hardiest of the gallant soldiers. He shuddered—we will not say trembled—before the landscapes of Van Gogh.

## Maitland Miniatures.

Lady Maitland, whose husband is in command of the Rough Riders, is herself experienced in many bridle-paths besides that of the Row. She has travelled in America much more widely than the Englishwoman who goes there only to enlarge her experience of hotels and sleeping-cars. In contrast to her taste in continents and vast stretches of country is her taste in art; when she wields her very competent paint-brush it is to produce—a miniature! Of their kind, they are about as good as anything of their class painted nowadays—worthy, in

seasonable memories of the immortal Jack who, in corners and out of them, devoured plums reminiscent of the "Christmas pie."

## Her Turquoises.

Lord Decies, since his return from America, has talked, not of the blues of the Atlantic, or of his spirits, but of Mrs. Gould's turquoises. We have long known in England of her pearls, but the news that she is now bathed in a sea of exquisite azure may set the ambitions of his countrywomen upon stones more lowly, but no less lovely, than diamonds or the peerless maladies of the oyster. Lord Decies' mind is not improperly bent on jewels. A question he may well have difficulty in answering is how to decorate the daughter of a mother who pins a king's ransom on her breast whenever she dresses for dinner. Miss Gould, the future Lady Decies, will do justice to any jewels; though she has not yet, since she left the school-room, had time to win the high name for loveliness that is given to her elder sister.



MISS JOAN MARY DALISON AND MR. ALEXANDER W. KEOWN-BOYD, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Dalison is the only daughter of the late Captain Maximilian Dalison, Scots Guards, and of Mrs. Dalison, of Hampton Court Palace. Mr. Keown-Boyd, of the Sudan Civil Service, is the eldest son of Mr. William E. Keown-Boyd.

Photographs by Swaine.

## A GENTLEMAN HIGHWAYMAN ON THE STAGE: "BEAU BROCADE."

TWO OF THE MOST NOTABLE INCIDENTS IN THE PRODUCTION AT THE GLOBE.



1. BEAU BROCADE, DANCING WITH LADY PATIENCE GASCOYNE, WHOSE COACH HE HAS STOPPED ON THE HEATH, FAILS TO SEE THAT SIR HUMPHREY CHALLONER IS TAKING PAPERS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE FROM THE COACH.

2. BEAU BROCADE AWAITING THE COACH'S COMING ON THE HEATH: MR. BERTRAM WALLIS AS CAPTAIN JACK BATHURST.

Captain Jack Bathurst, better known as Beau Brocade, is a gentleman highwayman, and, like others of his kind, robs only the rich, and delights in dancing with fair prisoners on the heath. In the particular case of Lady Patience, the dance very nearly costs him and his lady love dear, for while they are treading a measure, Sir Humphrey Challoner steals papers both of them would guard.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Ranfield.]

# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

THE enthusiast who wrote to King George to suggest the manufacture of a Coronation stamp received the only possible reply from Sir Arthur Bigge—that the matter had already been under consideration. There are few aspects of the stamp question that escape his Majesty's eye. What he does not see as a King he sees as a collector. In the matter of a Coronation stamp both personages are concerned. As a numismatist, of course, King George gives place to the King of Italy, whose interest in coins has brought him incognito to the British Museum on several occasions, and has just been further evidenced in a book on the subject that stands high in scholarship. But King George's care for coins is naturally stimulated above the ordinary at a moment when he is to see his own countenance turned to currency. His researches have carried him back at least as far as the reign

of the monarch who had the happiness of seeing his profile facing his own Queen Mary's on every shilling.

*The King's "Lack."* The real labour of ruling,

which the year holds in readiness for King George and Queen Mary, has no terrors for either of them. The King has already undergone some of the fatigues of his high position. They will not catch him unawares. In the course of a single morning during his historic Colonial tour he shook hands with four thousand heavy-fisted citizens of Melbourne. "I'll see it through," he said with a smile when it was suggested that he should make a break in the ordeal; and the

TO MARRY CAPTAIN E. C. HOLLAND ON THE 21ST: MISS LOUISA DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

Miss Campbell is the elder daughter of the late Mr. James Duncan Campbell, and of Mrs. Campbell, of 18, Clarricarde Gardens. Captain Holland is the youngest son of the late Mr. Stephen G. Holland.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

next morning, when he was asked if his right arm was not stiff with the strain, he answered, "No; but my left aches for lack of work." That spirit is matched in Queen Mary, who approaches her Court life with no sign of trepidation. And her ladies, who find in her an example of physical energy that is not always easy to follow, are satisfied that she need not fear even the dread "presentation-sickness" that threatened another queen as persistently as sea-sickness menaced Nelson. It need hardly be explained that the Court complaint is caused by the sight of the wave-like movement of a long succession of curtsying courtiers.

*Oxford Then and Now.*

The dreariness of the late King's quarters and company at Oxford have been recalled in connection with the young Prince Edward's projected sojourn at the 'Varsity. But unlike grandfather, unlike grandson! The conditions, let it be said at once, will be very different to-day. Behind the ivy-clad fastnesses of Frewen House as King Edward knew it, Prince Edward would sing "John Peel"—and he sings it remarkably well—all unheard; he would spend much of his time as completely shut off from the life of his college as he would if he spent it in his rooms at



ENGAGED TO MAJOR COSMO GORDON STEWART: MISS GLADYS BERRY HONEYMAN.

Miss Honeyman is the younger daughter of the late Mr. J. H. Honeyman, M.D., of Auckland. Major Stewart is a son of the late Sir John Marcus Stewart, of Athenry, Co. Tyrone.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

Balmoral. But even to Frewen House can the atmosphere of Oxford be admitted, provided the severity of the old régime is somewhat relaxed. It is familiarly told that during his term there King Edward, playing truant, came up to town all unbeknown, as he thought, to his parents. But a wily watcher of his departure had wired to London, and when he arrived at Paddington a royal brougham awaited and drove him swiftly where he had not meant to go—to Buckingham Palace! Such an incident is impossible of repetition in the case of a Prince who will never want to play truant. He will be made to like Oxford, because Oxford will be made likeable.

*Smile!*

When Prince Edward was only five months old he was already extraordinarily precocious—according to his grandmother Teck. But at what age does precocity cease to be a virtue, even in partial grandmotherly eyes? Certain it is that the young Prince would be the last person to enjoy the information

that he was extraordinarily precocious at the age of seventeen. At Oxford he will study, not so much to be a King—an art no University professes to teach—but to acquire the culture which is that of his contemporaries. If he was precocious at five months he was more precocious at five years. His manner of saluting a sentry—before he was the height of a rifle—made him famous in palace-yards,

and his command of "Smile!" to his younger brother at the end of a rather boring anecdote told for the amusement of the young Princes by an aged Baron was one of the youngest examples of courtliness on record.



MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN (FORMERLY MISS ANNIE VERE COLE), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE THE OTHER DAY.

Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, wife of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's second son, is a daughter of the late Major W. W. Cole, and of Mrs. Herbert Studd. She was given away by her step-father, Major Herbert Studd.

*Photograph by Lambert Weston and Son.*



TO MARRY MR. JOHN HELY-HUTCHINSON ON THE 23RD: MISS KATHERINE HENDERSON.

Miss Henderson is the elder daughter of Mr. James Henderson, of 86, Eaton Place. Mr. Hely-Hutchinson is the eldest son of Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, G.C.M.G.—[*Photograph by Gabell.*]

*A Lady's Pages.* Lady Margaret Sackville, herself a poetess of singular sweetness, has been introducing her *Sisters in Song* to the people who want "A Book of Verse by Living Women." She is a delightful Mistress of the Ceremonies; but a little uncereemonious have been some of the comments with which her "Introduction" to the charming little collection has been greeted. Lady Margaret, according to one discursive reviewer, has a salon in London where all literary people foregather. "No such luck," all literary people might exclaim together. Lady Margaret has lately spent most of her summers at her mother's house in Hampshire, and most of her winters under the same parental roof in Edinburgh. Lady Margaret writes the prettiest prose as well as the prettiest verse, and she is so amiable that her friends say she has only one dislike in the world, and that is her dislike of the word poetess. Poet is quite a good enough common denomination for most people; but if there must be a sex distinction, why not invent a new feminine and talk of poets and poettes?

## DOBBIN'S DENTIST: THE CARE OF A HORSE'S TEETH.



1. PLACING A SPECIALLY DESIGNED SPECULUM INTO THE HORSE'S MOUTH, THAT A VIEW MAY BE HAD OF THE TEETH CAUSING TROUBLE.

2. PREPARING TO TREAT THE ROOT OF A DECAYED TOOTH.

3. CHISELLING AWAY THE SHARP EDGES OF A BROKEN TOOTH.

4. CUTTING INCISORS TO ALLOW MOLARS TO CLOSE MORE EASILY.

5. EXTRACTING A TOOTH.

6. DRESSING THE MOUTH AND GUMS AFTER AN EXTRACTION.

The dentist who deals with horses' teeth is necessarily very skilled, and it is obvious that his task is not easy. It will be noted that tooth-treatment and tooth-extraction do not worry the horse in anything like the same degree that they do man,—[Photographs by P.-F. Press Bureau.]

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



SISTER OF MISS STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL'S FIANCÉ: MISS WINFRED BEECH (AS BEAUTY IN "PINKIE AND THE FAIRIES," AT HIS MAJESTY'S).

Miss Beech met Miss Stella Patrick Campbell at His Majesty's, when Miss Campbell was playing Molly in "Pinkie," and she was playing Beauty, her first part, and understudying Molly. When Mr. Beech came home on leave, his sister introduced him to Miss Campbell.

other night a new version was presented at Daly's in an even more costly fashion. Everybody says that the second edition of "A Waltz Dream" is going to enjoy a triumphant run, and what everybody says is generally true in such cases. On this occasion Captain Basil Hood has been employed to prepare the English adaptation, though Mr. Adrian Ross still figures as author of the lyrics. Captain Hood has a great deal of charming work to his credit. Probably everyone will admit that he is the ablest writer now devoting his pen to this class of work, and the result of his employment is a libretto which, both in sentiment and humour, is vastly better than the first version. Of course, in the main, the work is unchanged, and even his skill does not enable one quite to forget the fact that the conduct of the hero is deplorable; but still it is possible to accept the book of "A Waltz Dream" as the best that has been put forward for musical comedy. The music of Herr Oscar Straus is equal to any that has been presented in this class of entertainment. Possibly the limitation is not quite just. "A Waltz Dream" may fairly be called comic opera, and the music is quite as fine in quality as that of many comic operas that have enjoyed a serious reputation.

## The Unhappy Ending.

The surprising feature of the affair is that the apparently successful work has an unhappy ending. No *deus ex machina* appears to announce that Franz is not really a café-chantant performer, but a long-lost Princess; or the daughter of an American multimillionaire, so that she may become united to Lieutenant Niki, whom she loves; but the curtain falls upon the heart-broken girl trying to console herself with her music and the knowledge that she has brought together Niki and his beautiful royal bride. Think of this, you managers who are fond of stating that the public insists upon a happy-ever-after ending, and you authors, also, who, pandering to what you deem to be the public taste, have even changed an original gloomy conclusion into a happy-ever-after finish—generally, I am almost glad to say, without gaining any advantage from the undignified manoeuvre. Just think of the often-abused musical comedy setting such an example and finding it pay! And there is another matter for consideration by those reactionaries who refuse to believe that the public can be educated. They should take note of the fact that Mr. George Edwardes has lured on his great public from the almost chaotic entertainments of the past to comic opera, though, of course, he recognises the fact that there are many branches of the public, and that some of

## The Second Version of "A Waltz Dream."

We have rarely had quite such an affair as "A Waltz Dream." It will be remembered that in March 1908 the play was produced in a costly fashion by Mr. Charles Frohman at the Hicks Theatre, but did not enjoy the ordinary success of musical comedy. Complaints are said to have been made by the composer that the English, or, rather, American book was unsatisfactory, and also that the singing was not of a high enough standard. In the ordinary course of affairs the piece would long ago have been dead and buried. Mr. George Edwardes believed in it, and so the



"CLEOPATRA," AT THE SCALA THEATRE, MILAN: Mlle. VERA FOKIN.  
Photograph by Central News.

his patrons demand work of humbler character than that of "A Waltz Dream."

## The Company.

The merits of the new cast must not be overlooked. The composer may well be content with the beautiful singing of Miss Amy Evans, even if it must be hinted that she renders the very sensible Princess a little too impassively. Miss Lily Elsie has quite a triumph in the part of Franz; there is no need to draw comparisons between her and Miss Gertie Millar. Indeed, I do not recollect the work of the latter well enough to be justified in making any comparison. Let me say simply that Miss Elsie realised the character perfectly, singing charmingly and acting admirably. In fact, she acts so well that I suppose one of these days, like Miss Ethel Irving and Miss Marie Tempest, she will not find scope enough for her talents in the musico-dramatic world, and she certainly will receive a warm welcome on the legitimate stage. Mr. Michaelis, the Niki, has hardly the little suggestion of irresponsibility that might enable one to forget how badly he behaves; but his acting otherwise is excellent, and his singing makes amends. Also Messrs. McArdle and W. H. Berry are really very good in the humorous parts, and a word must be said in favour of Mr. Willie Warde. The quartet of Viennese dancers may seem to some people a little bit out of the picture; but the majority were surprised and delighted by them.

## Miss O'Malley as Light.

"The Blue Bird" always repays a visit; and the latest visit was made for the purpose of seeing that charming actress Miss Ellen O'Malley play the part of Light. That she is a beautiful figure as she stands in the limelight—Light is almost always in the limelight—will be readily believed; and she speaks with tenderness and dignity to the youngsters she is guiding through the magic country of dreams. It is certainly a very fascinating country, rich in the poetic beauty of the scenery by Messrs. F. Cayley Robinson, S. H. Sime,

and Joseph Harker. One feature in the new "Palace of Happiness" seems rather a mistake: some of the Big Joys are now represented by gentlemen very uncomfortably clad in armour that looks a little out of place. There is also a new feature—a black imp, who is the Happiness of Being Thoroughly Naughty—which is excellent. Perhaps he is the Joy of Being Thoroughly Naughty—these philosophic distinctions between Joys and Happinesses are not always clear; but he certainly deserves a place in the list. Like most interpolations, the new scene does not equal some of the old ones: the Kingdom of the Past and the Kingdom of the Future are still the purple passages of this very remarkable little play.



"CLEOPATRA," AT THE SCALA THEATRE, MILAN: M. FOKIN.  
Photograph by Central News.

## A FLOWER OF ARCADY: FLOSCULUS ARCADICUS.



HER NYMPHSHIP OF THE LIQUID VOICE: MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON AS SOMBRA  
IN "THE ARCADIAN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

There is little doubt that Miss Florence Smithson's charming voice, to say nothing of her pleasing presence, has contributed a good deal to the very great success of "The Arcadians." Miss Smithson, it will be recalled, made her first great hit in London in "The Blue Moon"; since then she has not "turned back."

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*

# KEYNOTES

MR. THOMAS BEECHAM would appear to be profoundly dissatisfied with the results of his autumn season at Covent Garden, and disinclined to pursue operatic ventures upon the same or similar lines in the immediate future. As the gifted musician and conductor has given London three opera seasons unaided by any subsidy, and has shown himself broad-minded and catholic in his tastes, whole-hearted and single-minded in his endeavour, and a generous supporter of British singers and players, the passing of such a force, even temporarily, from the operatic arena excites comment and rouses regret. There is little consolation to be derived from his association with the board of the Palladium, and his intention to produce in that house some of the most familiar operas in tabloid form. He may hope to create a larger audience for the opera of future years, but the method is at least open to question. One does not pave the way for the music of to-morrow by giving a specially prepared course of the music of yesterday. Hitherto, Mr. Beecham's name has been associated with the twentieth-century spirit; we have looked to him for pioneer work. To find the man who has given to London "Tiefland," "A Village Romeo and Juliet," "Le Chemineau," "Elektra," and "Salome" occupying himself with mid or late Victorian operas is disappointing—the more so because we know that, had he been more generously supported by the public he strove to serve, there is no limit to the ground he was prepared to cover.

Why did the autumn season at Covent Garden fail? Probably

for the same reason that every other autumn season has failed there. The house is too huge to run without a very big subscription, too large for many of the operas that have been produced there, too cold and uninviting in its winter aspect to atone for empty seats. Fill it with an interested audience and the cold is forgotten; fill two seats out of three and there is already a sense of emptiness; fill one seat out of two and the result is decidedly depressing on a cold wintry night. The opera-goers are for the most part people concerned first and last with a pleasant evening's entertainment; they prefer a bad seat in a smaller but crowded house to a comfortable and well-placed one in a huge and partly filled theatre.

Then, again, it must be confessed that Mr. Beecham attempted too much; his earlier experience of the enormous difficulty attendant upon the production of a different opera

every night does not seem to have been sufficiently impressive. He made a bad start by disappointing his first-night patrons, and opened with a work that was not repeated. The "Contes d'Hoffmann" was given *ad nauseam*, though at best it is too small a work for Covent Garden, while "Le Chemineau" and "Pelléas et Mélisande" did not have a full chance. As a rule, the operas were given well, but there were times when they seemed not given well enough. Comparison with the standard obtained by the Syndicate might be unfair, but it was inevitable and unfortunate. Mr. Beecham is comparatively new to the game; some of those with whom he was associated, and upon whom he relied, had less than his experience. It is easy to criticise, but those who have even the smallest knowledge of the difficulties that stand in the way of successful opera must have been less surprised to note the mistakes that were made than to note those that were avoided. You cannot fill Covent Garden to hear Wagner unless the leading rôles are entrusted to stars of the first magnitude; Nikisch himself could not draw a full house to hear "Fidelio," and only sensational mistresses of bravura singing can make operas like "Faust" and "Rigoletto" worth mounting. Novelties, too, unless they have the unhealthy and morbid appeal of the over-praised "Salome," inspire little more than suspicion in the mind of the average opera-goer; unless he knows there is small chance of securing a seat, he will not trouble to seek one. Mr. Beecham's experience explains and justifies, not for the first time, the attitude of the Grand Opera Syndicate, which is essentially conservative because it knows that conservatism alone can fill the house.

But these facts do not condemn Mr. Beecham's plucky endeavour; they only suggest that it was misplaced. A smaller house, a less ambitious programme, the absence of work that is either too big or too small, the production of novelties on a scale less costly, greater attention to rehearsal—these things would have given a better chance of success and a certainty of smaller loss if the fates were not propitious. There is a crying need for such a venture in London; and, if Mr. Beecham will not essay it, there is no other light in the musical horizon. Everybody wished him well; nobody can be pleased to hear of his well-warranted dissatisfaction. Happily, if we may judge the future by the past, he is not the man to be turned from a big resolve merely because he has taken the wrong turning on his way to the goal. So, the Palladium notwithstanding, music-lovers will take heart of grace.

For his labours on behalf of British singers and musicians Mr. Beecham has deserved and received the thanks of his countrymen. He should not find it difficult, if he so desires, to surround himself with a body of British and Colonial singers who will form the nucleus of a stock operatic company, able under his skilled direction to give the works of modern composers in a house run on the lines of the Opera Comique in Paris, which, despite its shortcomings, mounts many a work of enduring merit for which Garnier's more ambitious house can have no use.

COMMON CHORD.



TO SING AT THE CONCERT "IN MEMORIAM" OF THE LATE PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK: MISS ALYS BATEMAN.

A concert "in memoriam" of the late Prince Francis of Teck is to be given at the Queen's Hall on the 24th. The proceeds are to benefit the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. A special performance of Verdi's "Requiem" will be given, with the approval of the King and Queen, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck. The artists will be Miss Alys Bateman, Miss Hannah Jones, Mr. Edmund Burke, Mr. Ben Davies, and the Brighton Festival Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Mr. Joseph Sainton. This concert in aid of the hospital funds was arranged by Miss Bateman during the life of Prince Francis. By the express wish of Prince Alexander of Teck, it is now to be given as an "In Memoriam" concert. The occasion promises to be of great musical and social interest.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



TO MARRY A NEPHEW OF CECIL RHODES AT THE END OF THIS MONTH: MISS MABEL RUSSELL, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. STANLEY RHODES.

Miss Russell has been under Mr. George Edwardes' banner for several years, and has played dancing parts in a number of his productions on tour. She has also appeared in "Havana" at the Gaiety, and in Miss Gabrielle Ray's part in "The Dollar Princess" at Daly's, during Miss Ray's absence on holiday. Recently she was with "The Dollar Princess" on tour. Now she is in "The Quaker Girl."—(Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.)

*The Singing Birds of Paradise — Enow!*

FOR SALE



745598.

III.—THE TENOR: "I'LL SING THEE SONGS OF ARABY."

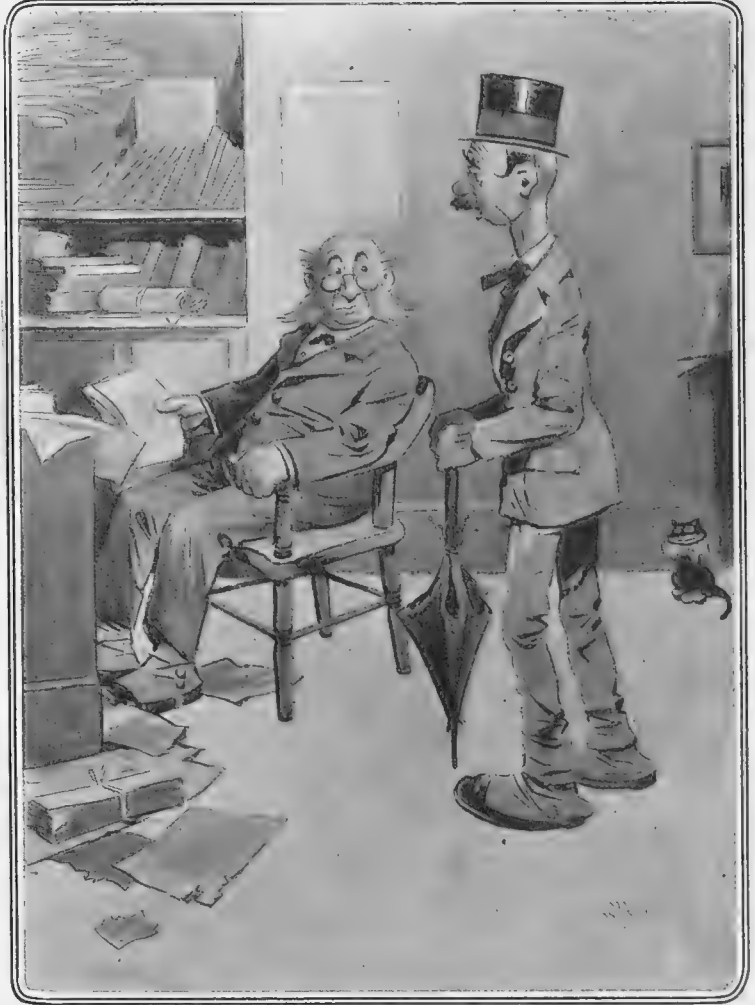
DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

## A "SKETCH" TRIO.



CUPID (a deputy): You wouldn't 'ave caught me up 'ere, missus, 'ad I known as yer 'air was only stuck on!

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.



THE STRANGER: Are you quite sure that that was a marriage license you gave me last month?

THE OFFICIAL: Of course! What's the matter?

THE STRANGER: Well, I've lived a dog's life ever since.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



PATENT APPLIED FOR: THE COW-CATCHER, EASY-EJECTOR APPARATUS FOR MOTOR-CARS.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.

A TRICK WORTH KNOWING.

FOR SALE



THE DELIGHTED QUARRYMAN: Och, yer Riverence, and did yer hear av the joke me brother played on wan av thim chauffeurs this morning?

HIS RIVERENCE: No, indeed, I didn't; and what did your brother do?

THE DELIGHTED QUARRYMAN: Och, the artful divvie! He had a stick av dynamite in his pocket whin he was run over.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

I LOVE MY LOVE WITH—THE ALPHABET.\*

AT the age of four years, genius was stamped on Theodora's brow. Her forehead was perfect, her large grey eyes already shadowed pain in their depths. She followed the murderous mowing-machine, picking up the daisies' stricken heads, crooning over them: the horror of loss—loss of the daisies, of dying sunsets, of slaughtered lambs—was with Theo thus early. Going to the sea when she was ten, it impressed her with one terrible image—that of drowning. A heap of tossed weeds or a sullen pool—what white, awful face did they hide? When Theo was very old—turned eleven—she left careless youth behind. Her well-meaning, weak Irish father was drinking away his money troubles—her foolish, round-faced Irish mother hiding the keys of the whisky-cupboard in Theodora's skirts. Her elder sister came home to come out; there were admirers, and they would whisper soft admiration to the small sister in the corner. "Little chestnut-haired child with the red lips," they said. But Theo, *grande dame* to her slim finger-tips, avoided them, or answered them gravely and turned away to dream her dreams.

Some of these dreams she caught on paper; the tender blue of a May sky, sunlight gold, budding greens, even murk of coming rain. In music she hated exercises, but her touch was exquisite, and sonorous classical things she loved. Boiled eggs reminded her of fluffy, downy chickens—she never ate them.

Father died, sister married (Theo looked with critical eyes at her brother-in-law, a sensual-looking Englishman, whose engagement revealed the lower side of love to her), and the foolish mother lived on credit with her younger daughter alone.

Theo was now sixteen, "a slender, beautiful thing, with chestnut hair and great starry eyes, and a mouth which cried for kisses. Great natures know great emotions. Full of great thoughts and high resolves; with subtle seeds of sensuality deep down: she was exquisite and did not know it."

Some amateur theatricals taught Theo something of herself. A cold shyness as she came on alone—fright passed, she caught her house—knew that it listened, hung on her words. She was no longer Theo Blenthe, but Lola Ventry, a free lance, defying her lover, raging coarsely, tearing his life to pieces with cruel fingers and bitter laughter. "I picked poppies once—with you—my Lord Cecil—they stained my fingers." Quick curtain, poppies, reft from a blue bowl, falling at his feet.

It was a fine play and had run long in London—it found here a hushed audience.

"O'Donnell came from the wings. 'She's only a child.' 'Child or no, she is an actress,' rang out. Artists are brutal things in their way."

This success tempted her to London, but a tempestuous lover drove her from the sphere of the chorus of "The Silver Princess" to seek refuge at home. Thence on Theo's history is much of that character which the young attach to Henry VIII., bar the detail of marriage, for, dispensing with that for the most part, she could

also afford to avoid beheading. The chronicle of her lovers began in childhood's days with Frank Gavin. Frank was a "precocious youth, hot with boyish passion. Had she cared, Frank would perhaps have been a faithful lover and married her. Frank might have made her happy in a way." But Theo forgot him before his train was half-way home. Then there was Holmes, her sister's groomsman. "'I've found you—I claim my kiss,' he said. Strong arms closed round the girl; hot lips came near her face. Theo woke."

She struggled, felt the touch of a moustache, and tore away, panting. "'Marry me. Come to England—they don't notice you here,'" he continued. The girl ran out of the room—it passed from Theo's mind. He wrote, and Theo laughed.

She met a man she could have cared for—young, dark, good-looking, and rich. "He rode with her through the dusty days of March hunting: the gold of happiness shone on the child's brow. Now her dreams were hers. This man loved her. It was not to be. Clem Knox was weak. They told him stories—explained it was not to be. He who had followed her, whispered eager admiring words, lifted his hat and turned away. The girl started as if she had been stabbed. Followed, Lord Ralph in Town—he was a passion-driven Faust, with his own brooding brain his Mephisto—and Joe Marsden, the country gentleman, chivalrous and simple, whom Lord Ralph frightened away. Archie Desmond, whose love, coming after the London fiasco, was great happiness, melted away to India, too honourable to propose; for the first time Theo fell really in love: had she married Archie, "she would never have turned her grey eyes from her husband's handsome face. His children would have been her joy."

But Fate reserved Hugh Ponsonby for that position. And Hugh drank, and bullied, and was jealous—not, it must be owned, without sore reason. Her wandering life as a soldier's wife opened up new ground for lovers. At last came Hume Greton.

Theo met him as she rose from the sea, a black Venus in *chic* bathing-attire. When he next saw her "he gritted his strong, white teeth," because she failed to blush or look shy. But he was a patient friend, and before long he was able to ask, "What about that night in 'Town?' The slow flush mounted her thin cheeks. "Her

heart leapt and beat, and she knew what had come to her, love, to which her love for Archie was as a gentle stream to a mountain torrent. Ambition died"—(she had earned a few pounds by some gloomy stories)—"Theo forgot dreams of fame, everything except that she loved, and the mystery of love was before her as freshly as if she were a girl going to her bridal."

Then life grew kind, and killed off her drunken, surly husband, and regenerated her selfish lover. "Theo laid her face upon his hands and vowed her life to good and love and him." And "A Peer's" task is ended in a burst of happiness for the noble woman who only needed to be happy to be good. How many of us have said the same, though without the genius, and the starry eyes, and the chestnut hair, which make all the difference!



HOPPING FOR HUSBANDS: GOING ROUND THE METAL-MAN PILLAR AT TRAMORE.

This curious pillar, which is at the seaside resort of Tramore, about seven miles from Waterford, was built to enable vessels to distinguish between Tramore Bay and Waterford Harbour; but it has another and a more curious use. Local tradition has it that any unmarried woman who succeeds in hopping round it three times will get a husband within a year. Many lady visitors are attracted to test the value of the legend.

Photograph by A. H. Poole and Co., Waterford.

\* "Theo." By A Peer. (John Long; 6s.)

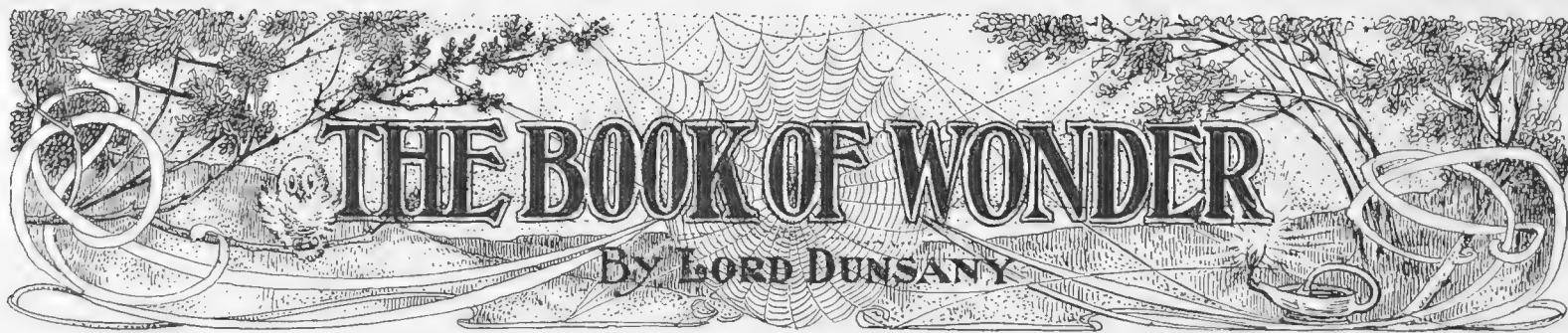
SW — E — E — EP !

FOR S/



THE SWEEP: 'Ere! Wot yer givin' us? Think I'm goin' ter work till I'm black in the face for eighteenpence?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



## EPISODE V.—THE QUEST OF THE QUEEN'S TEARS.

(See Illustration by S. H. Sime on Facing Page.)

SYLVIA, Queen of the Woods, in her woodland palace held court and made a mockery of her suitors. She would sing to them, she said, she would give them banquets, she would tell them tales of legendary days, her jugglers should caper before them, her armies salute them, her fools crack jests with them and make whimsical quips, only she could not love them.

This was not the way, they said, to treat princes in their splendour, and mysterious troubadours concealing kingly names; it was not in accordance with fable, myth had no precedent for it. She should have thrown her glove, they said, into some lion's den, she should have asked for a score of heads of the serpents of Licantara, or demanded the death of any notable dragon, or sent them all upon some deadly quest; but that she could not love them! It was unheard of—it had no parallel in the annals of romance!

And then she said that, if they must needs have a quest, she would offer her hand to him who first should move her to tears; and the quest should be called, for reference in histories or song, the Quest of the Queen's Tears; and he that achieved them she would wed, be he only a petty duke of lands unknown to romance.

And many were moved to anger, for they hoped for some bloody quest; but the old Lords Chamberlain said, as they muttered among themselves in a far, dark end of the chamber, that the quest was hard and wise, for that if she could ever weep she might also love. They had known her all her childhood; she had never sighed. Many men had she seen, suitors and courtiers, and had never turned her head after one went by. Her beauty was as still sunsets of bitter evenings when all the world is froze—a wonder and a chill. She was as a sun-stricken mountain uplifted alone, all beautiful with ice, a desolate and lonely radiance late at evening far up beyond the comfortable world, not quite to be companioned by the stars, the doom of the mountaineer.

If she could weep, they said, she could love, they said.

And she smiled pleasantly on those ardent princes and troubadours concealing kingly names.

Then one by one they told, each suitor prince, the story of his love, with outstretched hands and kneeling on the knee; and very sorry and pitiful were the tales, so that often up in the galleries some maid of the palace wept. And very graciously she nodded her head like a listless magnolia in the depths of the night moving idly to all the breezes its glorious bloom.

And when the princes had told their desperate loves, and had departed away with no other spoil than of their own tears only, even then there came the unknown troubadours and told their tales in song, concealing their gracious names.

And one there was, Ackronnion, clothed with rags, and underneath the rags was war-scarred armour; and when he stroked his harp and sang his song, in gallery above gallery maidens wept, and even the old Lords Chamberlain whimpered among themselves, and thereafter laughed through their tears, and said: "It is easy to make old people weep and to bring idle tears from lazy girls; but he will not set a-weeping the Queen of the Woods."

And graciously she nodded, and he was the last. And disconsolate went away those dukes and princes, and troubadours in disguise. Yet Ackronnion pondered as he went away.

King was he of Afarmah, Lool, and Haf, overlord of Zeroora and hilly Chang, and Duke of the Dukedoms of Molóng and Mlash, none of them unfamiliar with romance or unknown or overlooked in the making of myth. He pondered as he went in his thin disguise.

Now by those that do not remember their childhood, having other things to do, be it understood that underneath Fairyland, which is, as all men know, at the edge of the world, there dwelleth the Gladsome Beast. A synonym he for joy.

It is known how the lark in his zenith, children at play out-of-doors, good witches and jolly old parents have all been compared—and how aptly!—with this very same Gladsome Beast. Only one "crab" he has (if I may use slang for a moment to make myself perfectly clear), only one drawback, and that is that in the gladness of his heart he spoils the cabbages of the Old Man Who Looks After Fairyland—and, of course, he eats men.

It must further be understood that whoever may obtain the tears of the Gladsome Beast in a bowl and become drunken upon them may move all persons to shed tears of joy.

So Ackronnion went to Arrath, a knight-at-arms of his spear-guard, and together they set out through the fields of fable until they came to Fairyland, a kingdom sunning itself (as all men know) for leagues along the edges of the world. And by a strange old pathway they came to the land they sought, through a wind blowing up the pathway sheer from space. Even so they came to the windy house of thatch where dwells the Old Man Who Looks After Fairyland; sitting by parlour-windows that look away from the world. He made them welcome in his star-ward parlour, telling them tales of Space; and when they named to him their perilous quest, he said it would be a charity to kill the Gladsome Beast; for he was clearly one of those that liked not its happy ways. And, taking them into his garden wherein his cabbages were, he pointed them out the way to the place he called Underneath, where the Gladsome Beast had his lair. Then the Old Man Who Looks After Fairyland went back to his windy house, muttering angrily as he passed his cabbages, for he did not love the ways of the Gladsome Beast, and the two friends parted on their separate ways.

Nothing perceived them but that ominous crow, gluttoned overlong already upon the flesh of Man.

The wind blew bleak from the stars.

As Ackronnion neared the lair of the Gladsome Beast, and heard its continuous chuckles, he feared that its mirth might be insuperable—not to be saddened by the most grievous song; nevertheless, he stood and struck up the chaunt called Dolorous. It told of desolate, regretted things befallen happy cities long since in the prime of the world. It told of how the gods and beasts and men had long ago loved beautiful companions and long ago in vain. It told of the golden host of happy hopes, but not of their achieving. It told how Love scorned Death, but told of Death's laughter. The contented chuckles of the Gladsome Beast suddenly ceased in his lair. He rose and shook himself. He was still unhappy. Ackronnion still sang on the chaunt called Dolorous. The Gladsome Beast came mournfully up to him. Ackronnion ceased not for the sake of his panic, but still sang on. He sang of the malignity of Time. Two tears welled large in the eyes of the Gladsome Beast. Ackronnion moved the agate bowl to a suitable spot with his foot, he sang of autumn and of passing away. Then the Beast wept as the frore hills weep in the thaw, and the tears splashed big into the agate bowl. Ackronnion desperately chaunted on; he told of the glad, unnoticed things men see and do not see again, of sunlight beheld unheeded on faces now withered away. The bowl was full. The Beast was ceasing to weep! Ackronnion was desperate: he felt as a morsel! He sang of worlds that had disappointed the gods. And all of a sudden, crash!—and the staunch spear of Arrath went home behind the shoulder, and the tears and the joyful ways of the Gladsome Beast were ended and over for ever.

And carefully they carried the bowl of tears away, leaving the body of the Gladsome Beast as a change of diet for the ominous crow, and going by the windy house of thatch, they said farewell to the Old Man Who Looks After Fairyland, who when he heard of the deed rubbed his large hands together and mumbled again and again, "And a very good thing too. My cabbages!—my cabbages!"

And, not long after, Ackronnion sang again in the sylvan palace of the Queen of the Woods, having first drunk all the tears in his agate bowl. And it was a gala night, and all the Court were there, and ambassadors from the lands of legend and myth, and even some from Terra Cognita.

And Ackronnion sang as he never sang before, and will not sing again. Oh, but dolorous, dolorous are all the ways of man: few and fierce are his days, and the end trouble; and vain, vain his endeavour. And woman—who shall tell of it? Her doom is written with man's by listless, careless gods, with their faces to other spheres.

But all the trouble in the beauty of his song may not be set down by me. There was much gladness in it, and all mingled with grief: it was like the way of man; it was like our destiny.

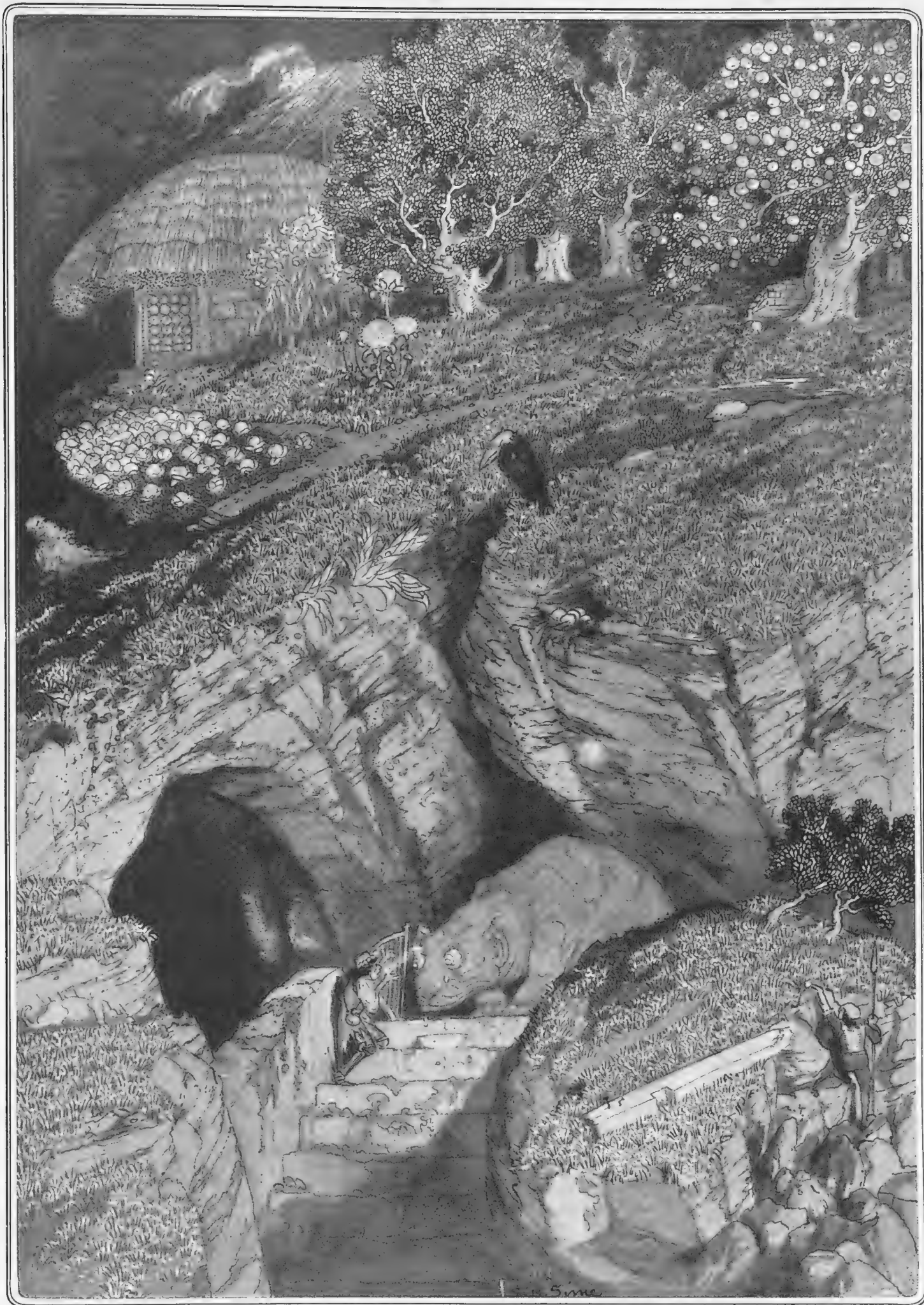
Sobs arose at his song, sighs came back along echoes: seneschals, soldiers sobbed and a clear cry made the maidens: like rain the tears came down from gallery to gallery.

All round the Queen of the Woods was a storm of sobbing and sorrow.

But, no; she would not weep.

THE END.

## THE BOOK OF WONDER: BY LORD DUNSANY AND S. H. SIME.



## EPISODE V.—“THE QUEST OF THE QUEEN’S TEARS.”

“Whoever may obtain the tears of the Gladsome Beast in a bowl and become drunken upon them may move all persons to shed tears of joy. . . . He stood and struck up the chaunt called Dolorous. . . . Then the Beast wept as the frore hills weep in the thaw, and the tears splashed big into the agate bowl. Ackronnion desperately chaunted on.”

*After the Drawing by S. H. Sime. (For Lord Dunsany's Story, see Facing Page.)*

## JOHN PHILIP SOUSA ON TRAP SHOOTING IN AMERICA.

SPECIAL TO "THE SKETCH."

CLAY-PIGEON or trap shooting is comparatively a new sport in America. Like golf, it appeals to all ages and all strata of society. On the golf-course at Hot Springs, Virginia, I have seen the multi-millionaire Rockefeller wait while John Jones drove off the next tee, and John Jones is a ribbon-clerk at ten per week at Wanamaker's. John Jones and his bride are honeymooning at the Springs, spending three days and six months' savings at the same time. For the time being, millionaire, savant, ribbon-clerk, and wage-earner are members of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Golfers. So with trap shooting. In the State shoot last year a squad of five consisted of one famous baseball pitcher, one equally famous divine, one well-known financier, one hard-working carpenter, and "yours truly." True democracy that, and much to be commended! None of us had ever met before; but all, clergyman and athlete, carpenter, banker, and musician worked like veritable Trojans, to give the squad a distinction as a "top-notcher." Like love, trap shooting levels all ranks. We had been squadded by the handicap committee, and our status as marksmen was at stake.

About 1880 the first of the saucer-shaped targets was thrown at a tournament held in Springfield, Illinois. The disc was known as the Legowsky clay-pigeon, and it very quickly succeeded as a test of marksmanship the glass ball then in vogue as a flying target.

The first Inter-State match was held in New Orleans a short time after the Springfield event, and attracted a large field. Harvey McMurchy (now one of the firm of the Hunting Arms Company) was the winner. Thirty years later, in 1910, in the Grand American Handicap at Chicago, he scored ninety-nine out of one hundred, proving that art is of more avail than youth, and that a man of sixty or seventy has the same chance as a man of twenty or thirty. Youth is an advantage in baseball, football, basket-ball, tennis, or many other sports—but *not* in trap shooting.

With the public arrayed against the killing of live birds at the traps, with many of the States enacting laws prohibiting the trapping and shooting of pigeons, the interest in the clay-birds has increased enormously. At the present time every town has its trap-shooting club; every University, College, and Athletic Association its gun-team. Each shot-gun factory, powder-mill, shell-loading or kindred interest has its corps of professional shooters, whose duty it is to appear at various tournaments, giving exhibitions of their skill as marksmen, and, incidentally, proving the worth of the goods manufactured by the firms which they represent.

When it is understood that the combined ammunition-loading companies of the United States have a daily output of a million shells, one can realise how fond the American is of practice with the gun, rifle, and pistol. It is said that a fair share of the product of the cartridge companies is used by the trap-shooters. It is not unusual for a devotee of the sport to shoot twenty thousand shells a year. I can recall a relay of tournaments that I attended, embracing a period of only four months, where I shot at over fifteen thousand targets. As many professionals and amateurs shoot during the greater part of the year, the number of shells used is enormous. Trap shooters are finicky about guns, powders, shells, wadding, and even the targets at which they shoot. Every powder, shell, or gun

has its champion, who is ever ready to defend its superiority over all others.

One of the greatest charms of trap shooting is that you, and you alone, can do it. Like dying, it is your affair only. You can't bribe, buy, cajole, or implore anyone to do it for you. It is your game first, last, and all the time. In field shooting, water-fowl shooting—in fact, in every form of live-bird shooting—there is an element of chance in which luck plays an important part. The conditions of the sport are so evenly distributed in trap shooting that, everything else being equal, it is up to you, and you alone, to "make good." In a well-conducted tournament the variations of

light, wind, and temperature very rarely work to the injury of the individual shooter.

In America, the most important events of the year are the Inter-State Handicaps. The first of the season is the Southern; the second, the Eastern; the third, the Western; the fourth, the Pacific; the fifth and greatest match, the Grand American, followed by a Post Series meeting, in which only those having shot over a certain number of thousands of targets are eligible. The Inter-State matches are held between the months of April and November, and are largely attended. At the Grand American, held at Chicago last year, there was erected a huge metallic fence or bunker to catch the shot, and I was told that the quantity of lead gathered after the tournament amounted to twenty tons.

Perhaps the most interesting event in the history of trap shooting was the visit made by a representative American team to Great Britain in 1900. The American team was treated with lavish generosity and good-fellowship by their Transatlantic opponents, and returned to America loudly praising British sportsmanship and fairness. Four or five of that memorable team are still among the "top-notchers" in the shooting game. Crosby, Gilbert, Powers, Fanning, and Captain Marshal are to-day shooting well over the ninety per cent. mark.

I am often asked what makes a good shooter. I should say that the primary essentials are concentration of thought, command of the trigger-finger, velocity of vision, and accurate manipulation of the left arm in pointing. In a lesser degree, the "drop" of the gun,

length of barrel, fullness of "choke," and selection of load play a part. Of my own career as a shot, my past season has been my best, although in former years I have won many trophies. In several tournaments last season I was in the first flight of shooters. In the Southern Preliminary Handicap, held last May in Columbus, Georgia, I scored ninety-five out of a possible hundred, in a field of two hundred contestants. I was beaten by the great Illinois amateur, "Chan" Powers, who missed only three birds during the day, and landed winner of the trophy. This was the same Powers who visited Great Britain in 1900 as a member of the All American team. In the Vermont State shoot, in the great event of the tourney open to the world, I landed winner, beating favourites and field. My score was seventy-eight out of eighty.

In conclusion, I think that there is no cleaner sport than trap shooting; there is no sport where the bluffer or braggart is shown up more quickly. It is a sport that excites admiration for great achievement, and abolishes jealousy and envy among contestants and spectators alike. The man that lands winner is the man of the hour.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.



A FAMOUS CRACK SHOT, AS WELL AS MARCH KING  
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

Mr. Sousa finds much recreation in trap shooting, and, without exaggeration, may be called one of the best marksmen in America. He can usually be counted upon to break ninety clay pigeons out of every hundred. In some big handicaps he has reached the ninety-five mark—shooting which is good enough to win the Grand American Handicap, the greatest of American trap-shooting contests.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

## THE MARCH KING: JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

"SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.—VII.



"IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO CONDUCT, BUT IT IS FAR HARDER WORK THAN THE LAYMAN THINKS. ONE MUST NOT LET ONE'S THOUGHTS STRAY FROM THE MUSIC IN HAND FOR A MOMENT."



"MY WIFE (WHO, BY THE WAY, IS JUST AS MUCH FASCINATED BY LONDON AS I AM) OFTEN GIVES ME GOOD AND VERY VALUABLE ADVICE. I DISCUSS ALL MY PROJECTS WITH HER."



"YES, I SUPPOSE THIS IS ONE OF MY MOST CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES WHEN CONDUCTING; BUT, REALLY, IT IS EXCEEDINGLY DIFFICULT TO KNOW—ONE DOES NOT CONDUCT BEFORE A MIRROR."



"I AM KEPT VERY BUSY IN LONDON, ESPECIALLY ANSWERING TELEPHONE CALLS FROM ALL AND SUNDRY."



"I MANAGE TO FIND A LITTLE TIME TO LOOK THROUGH THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS."



"THOUGH, GENERALLY, I AM INTERRUPTED, AND HAVE TO SIT DOWN TO LETTER-WRITING."



"I BEGIN MY DAY FAIRLY EARLY, FOR I CONTRIVE TO HAVE A SOMEWHAT SIRENCOUS TIME DURING THE GREATER PART OF EACH YEAR."



"CONDUCTING A BIG BAND IS VERY FATIGUING WORK, I CAN ASSURE YOU. I FEEL THOROUGHLY TIRED OUT WHEN I HAVE FINISHED."



"IT IS EVEN DIFFICULT FOR ME TO FIND TIME TO READ ALL THE MUSIC I SHOULD LIKE TO, THOUGH, NATURALLY, I GET THROUGH A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT."

*Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Foulsham and Banfield.*

FOR SALE

FLAT, STALE, AND UNPROFITABLE.



INFLUENZA

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

# WORLD'S WHISPERS

WHEN a joke, in which the Crown Prince of Germany was made to compose the music and the Kaiser to write the libretto of an opera, called "The Love Dream," was by mistake printed in the serious, instead of the comic, portion of a paper, the editor was the last person to laugh. And yet it hardly needed a printer's error to turn the jest to earnest. The Kaiser, at least, is quite capable of composing an opera. That his musicianship is the subject of banter is inevitable in an age that prefers to take its most serious men least seriously. Among other jokes at the expense of his compositions is one that frees him from all praise or blame in regard to them. At a party attended by Strauss some of the company were making very light of the Kaiser's music. "Hush! hush!" interrupted Strauss, "you should never run down the compositions of crowned heads among musicians. There is no telling who wrote them!"

*Cupid and the Car.* When the up-raised hand of the law stops the speeding motorist, it brooks no excuses: inevitably, the fine follows. It mattered nothing to the hand that Baron de Forest,

Baron made himself so little familiar with the Hereditary Chamber that he once wandered into the Commons by mistake. His son is not likely to frequent the haunts of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, even by mistake; but he does follow a certain family tradition in his aloofness from much of the turmoil of politics—an aloofness that finds a sufficient explanation in the fact that his patriotism is concentrated on the good conduct of his own estate, rather than on that of his neighbours! Viscount Gort, who is to marry his pretty cousin, Miss Corinne Vereker, has not yet reached the age—twenty-five—at which he becomes the master of delightful estates. Lord Gort is still told by crazy enthusiasts for Mr. Jorrock that his chief claim to distinction is his descent from the author Surtees. Since his engagement, Lord Gort knows better!

*The Three De's.* The Hilary Term in the Law Courts will add, if not to the hilarity, at least to the excitements, of the young season. Lord Howard de Walden *v.* Lewis is sure to be followed by all Oxford Street as well as by every friend of "the



THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE MAKING HOLIDAY: MR. SYDNEY BUXTON, WITH HIS SON, DENNIS, AND HIS DAUGHTER, DOREEN, IN SWITZERLAND.

Photograph by Ulyett.

in the stress of private affairs, was hurrying with good reason. He paid his five pounds at the order of the Bench, but with much less alacrity than he paid his four thousand to Mr. Sopwith. We all praise him for urging on the aviator; we all blame him for urging on his motor. He has to pay in both cases! Nor was the Bench any

young Baron"; De Forest *v.* Lady Gerard will stir Pall Mall, the headquarters of aviation; and Lord Ashburton *v.* Earl De La Warr provides more talk than most cases in Chancery. Baron de Forest shares other associations with Lady Gerard. In 1904 he married the Hon. Ethel Gerard, his former marriage having been declared



MAJOR DEANE (THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (17TH).

Major Deane is a son of the late Mr. W. H. Deane, J.P., D.L., of Fairfields, Fareham, Hants.

Photograph by Swaine.

more considerate in the matter of Viscount Gort. It is well known that the pulse—and the motor—of a successful suitor are quicker than those of less happy and agitated mortals. Not long ago, Lord Torrington was fined on the eve of his marriage, and now Lord Gort's engagement to a charming lady and his engagement with the magistrates at Kingston are announced in the newspapers of the same day.

*Engagements.* Of the three peers—if there are no more?—now engaged to be married, Viscount Gort is, of course, the youngest, and Lord St. John of Bletsoe, a widower and father of four sons and eight daughters, easily, and quite contentedly, the eldest. Only the other day, when Mr. Lloyd George proved how attentively he studies the ranks of the peers by putting Lord St. John into an abusive speech, we were reminded that the late



MRS. DEANE (FORMERLY MISS IRIS NEDHAM), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (17TH).

Mrs. Deane is the daughter of Captain C. S. Nedham, R.N. (retired), of Glen Doone, Brank some Chine, Bournemouth. [Photograph by Swaine.]

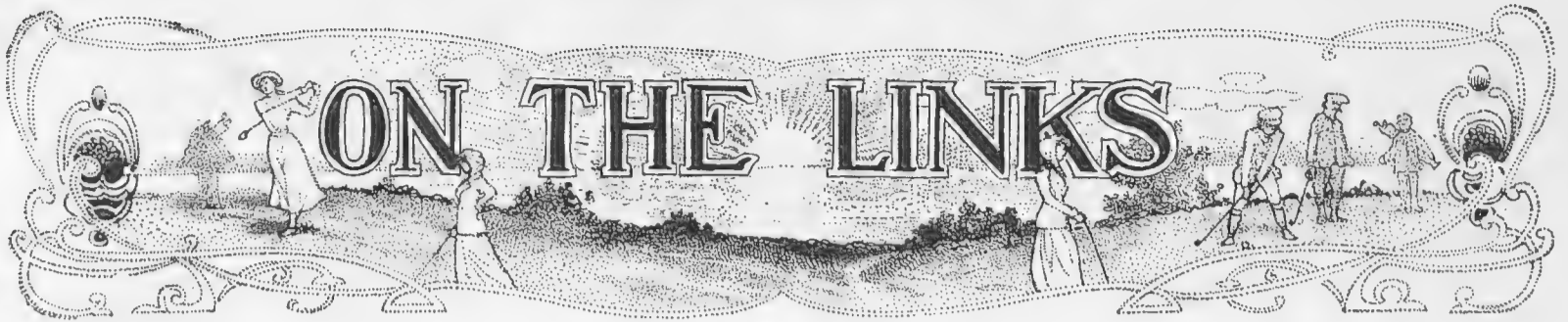
void and null according to civil and Roman ecclesiastical law. Great patron of air-traffic as he is, his own favourite element is the ocean, and he had Mr. Winston Churchill as a guest on his yacht last summer.

*Coming Events.* The year will be wide awake on Feb. 1. The opening of Parliament the day before will oust Houndsditch from the principal news-sheets, although "Mr. Winston" will be about to enter the witness-box of the Commons. More important, for many more than two maidens and two men, will be the marriages at the little church within the dull shadow of the House, and at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. At the one Mr. Hugo Charteris and Lady Violet Manners will be wed; at the other Sir Richard Rycroft and Miss Emily Lowry-Corry, niece of Lord Halifax and Lord Belmore.



TO RESIGN THE MASTERSHIP OF THE COTTESMORE AT THE END OF THE SEASON: LORD LONSDALE.

Photograph by Topical.



By HENRY LEACH.



MR. D. E. LANDALE.

The Riviera Boom. It is clear to those who have been there for their golf in recent times, and know something of the inner workings of things, that the golf boom on the Riviera, which has already made considerable headway, will in the course of a very few years make the game at the French resorts a vastly bigger thing than it is even now—and it is a great thing now. About this time last year I took a country walk in the neighbourhood of Cannes, and in the fields along the side of the road there were the usual big painted advertisement-boards telling me, and all the motorists and others who passed along that way, where we might go to for more holidays and pleasures in the southern part of France as soon as the spirit moved us. The names of good hotels were given, and the air and scenery were confidently recommended. But next to the names of the places themselves the biggest letters that were painted were those which made the name of "GOLF"; and if a place had eighteen holes and not a beggarly nine, they made the announcement bigger than ever. Were a place of resort so unenterprising and unfortunate as to have no golf course at all, it did not advertise, recognising, no doubt, that it would be useless. There is a chain of courses all along the Riviera now from Hyères to the Italian frontier. Much of the enterprise that has been shown in this direction has been due to the hotel-keepers, who recognise that it is not the least use expecting the average Englishman of fair means to go out and stay for a holiday at any place in these days unless you can provide him with golf. More than that, they understand now that the said Englishman is better educated in golf than he used to be, and needs better courses than were formerly provided for his benefit. So new ones are being made along the Riviera, and the old ones are being most extensively improved.



MR. A. C. LAWRENCE.

## Some Difficulties.

We used to regard our golf in the South of France as an accommodation rather than as a pleasure, but it has become far better than it used to be in the last two or three seasons, and is now getting on for being very much of the real thing. If they had not such severe climatic difficulties to contend against—golf never really being intended for the Côte d'Azur—I verily believe that with the energy, enterprise, and money that they lavish on some of these places they would have some of the best courses in existence—best, that is, among courses that are not of the pure seaside variety. There are still some beauty-spots on the Riviera where the game is much needed. The

THE MATCH BETWEEN THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLFING SOCIETY AND A TEAM OF PROFESSIONALS: GOLFERS CHOSEN TO PLAY FOR THE UNIVERSITIES.

worst feature of all the courses in existence, except the two at Hyères, is that they are so very inconvenient for the players in relation to their temporary abodes. A considerable journey has to be made from the big towns to the courses that belong to them. This has been necessitated in some cases because of the very high price of land

all along the Riviera, and often because convenient sites were not available anyhow. But sometimes, when going along there in the electric car, I have reflected on the enormous success that a golf course would be if one could be made somewhere round about Cap Martin. Golf clubs, on the one hand, and hotel-keepers, on the other, having done their share in making courses, it seems to me that it is time for some of the municipalities on the Riviera to give a hand to the boom, as they do elsewhere.



MR. H. G. HUTCHINSON.



MR. G. H. PEACOCK.



MR. H. S. COLT.



MR. A. G. BARRY.

## The Monte Carlo Course.

In the matter of news about courses and prospects of the season I have it that they are getting on very well with the new course for Monte Carlo at Mont Agel. The difficulties that have had to be contended against have been stupendous, but they have been largely overcome. The Casino authorities are going to spend £50,000 on the enterprise if necessary, and so much money has never been spent on a golf-course on the Riviera before. Weather vagaries have been all against them this season, but still they have made headway, and before the season is far advanced there may yet be occasion for the writing of the new song, "The Man Who Holed in One at Monte Carlo." Then I am told that the new course which was laid out at St. Raphael, Valescure, a season or two back by Mr. Harry Colt has come on well and is greatly improved. Much money has been spent on it. It is cut through a forest of pine, cork, and oak trees, and is very finely situated. The length is somewhat of a novelty, being, very unconventionally, twelve holes; but the originators were wise in their decision in this matter. It is better to have twelve good holes than strain for eighteen and spoil nearly all of them, which is too commonly done. Of all that has been accomplished at Nice I told last week, and I hear that a matter of six hundred pounds has been spent on improvements of the Cannes course, which is out at La Napoule, and in many respects is still to be regarded as the chief course of the Riviera. At Cannes you get a rich combination of delights. They begin when you walk or motor along the glorious avenue of mimosa up to the club house, and from that moment to the end of the day it is all beauty and happiness.



MR. E. G. RAND.



MR. B. DARWIN.

It is likely that the Universities will be represented by the following twenty-two players on the occasion of the foursomes between the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society and a team of professionals, which are arranged to take place at Stoke Poges on the 20th: Mr. H. G. Hutchinson, Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, Mr. H. S. Colt, Mr. B. Darwin, Mr. N. F. Hunter, Mr. Ernest Smith, Mr. A. C. M. Croome, Mr. D. E. Landale, Mr. E. G. Rand, Mr. H. W. Beveridge, Mr. G. L. Mellin, Mr. V. C. Longstaffe, Mr. C. H. Alison, Mr. A. C. Lawrence, Mr. E. W. B. Scrutton, Mr. A. G. Barry, Mr. J. A. Healing, Mr. P. W. Leathart, Mr. H. D. Gillies, Mr. G. H. Peacock, Mr. L. G. Hoare, and Mr. E. W. Makovski. At the moment of writing, it is thought that each pair of amateurs will receive two holes start.

Photographs by Sport and General.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## The Great Amalgamation.

In all the solemnity of extraordinary general meetings assembled, the memberships of the Motor Union and the Automobile Association have ratified the union arranged by their respective committees. The memberships as memberships either most heartily and wholly

approved of the amalgamation, or else took parlous little interest in it, for scarce a score of the A.A.'s eighteen or the Union's ten thousand members put in an appearance. As I think I have already said in these notes, the amalgamation is in the very best interests of automobilism as a whole, and the only thing I see for regret is the retention of the two names *in toto* to distinguish the united single body. The Automobile Association and Motor Union is a fearful mouthful, and can never—nay, will never—become popular. It is only a shade less blood-curdling than the original title of the R.A.C., which stood as "The Automobile Club of Great Britain, with which is incorporated the Self-Propelled Traffic Association." Assuredly the A.A. and M.U. will shortly whittle itself down to the Automobile Union, the workhouse suggestion notwithstanding. Although the negotiating



A SIGN OF FUSION: THE NEW BADGE OF THE AMALGAMATED AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION AND MOTOR UNION.

As may be seen, the new badge of the Automobile Association and the Motor Union, which have amalgamated, is a combination of the badges formerly issued by the two societies, taking the form of the old M.U. badge with the interlaced letters of the old A.A. badge.

parties were apparently unable to fuse the title, they appear to have been able to agree upon a blend of the two badges which is altogether satisfactory and equitable. The form of the M.U. badge remains, but the letters vanish, and in their place appear the interlaced A's which have hitherto done service for the A.A. alone.

## Bibendum Flits!

"Bibendum" has shifted his London quarters, and now occupies premises of bizarre and startling, albeit quite French, design, which he has himself erected at 81, Fulham Road, Chelsea, S.W. Although there installed with his busy bee staff, one does not yet, to speak judicially, "see him"—not because he has not assumed a wig and gown, or is wearing a moustache, but because a certain official opening, at which many notabilities are to be present, is yet to take place. The flitting of our roly-poly friend is not consequent upon an ejection order or anything unpleasant of that kind, but only because he has swelled, and swelled, and swelled until he has had to build unto himself a new habitation consonant with his increased bulk and dignity.

## That Race in Man.

In the face of what will happen in France from a motor-racing point of view during the coming year, it behoves each and all of us who care for the maintenance of the present position of British automobilism to urge on the proposed three-inch race in the Isle of Man. Of the three French events—the Grand Prix, the Light Car Race, and the Voiturette Race—it is the second that will most appeal to intending purchasers in this country, and from which we have most to fear. Already entries are promised from seven French

makes, two German, and one Italian, and of these the Peugeot, Grégoire, Sizaire-Naudin, La Buire, Motobloc, Benz, Opel, and F.I.A.T., have a greater or lesser vogue in this country. If any or all of them do well in the race, their representatives on this side will have all the telling advertisement of success to use as a lever in competition with our native manufacturers, who will not compete themselves in France, or countenance a countervailing event in the Isle of Man. Such an ostrich-like attitude passes comprehension, and while it is evident that the eyes of the French trade have been opened, our own people still refuse to see.

## Wolseley Tutelage.

In consequence of the numerous requests received by the Wolseley Tool and Motor-Car Company for instruction in driving and maintaining their cars, this enterprising firm have recently established a completely equipped School of Motor Instruction at their London premises, Niagara, York Street, Westminster. Here, for quite reasonable fees, both owners and would-be drivers can be put through a complete and comprehensive course of tuition by a fully qualified instructor, assisted by an experienced staff. The course includes both driving and theory, the school being provided with full sectional parts of all the more complicated mechanisms used in the economy of a motor-car. A fleet of five Wolseley cars, including those of the firm's most recent manufacture, have been set apart for this work.



IDENTIFIED AS HAVING BELONGED TO A MISSING AIRMAN: THE MASK AND GOGGLES, SAID TO HAVE BEEN MR. GRACE'S, PICKED UP AT MIDDELKERKE.

It will be recalled that Mr. Cecil Grace ascended from Baraques, near Calais, on December 22nd, with the intention of flying to England. Since that time nothing has been heard of him, and it is generally believed that he has been drowned. The other day the mask and goggles here illustrated were picked up at Middelkerke, near Ostend. They have been identified as Mr. Grace's.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE TROPHY WON BY MLE. JANE HERVEU. We illustrate the trophy won recently by Mlle. Jane Herveu in the Prix de la Passagère.—[Photograph by Branger.]

## "A Man of the Guides."

The Royal Automobile Club leaves no stone unturned to serve its members. It has now been decided to appoint local guides for the convenience of members and associates throughout England and Wales. As a justification for this excellent departure, the Club points out that members and associates have often expressed a desire to be put in touch with some reliable person who would be able to accompany them on their cars with a view to indicating the whereabouts of the most beautiful scenery and objects of interest in various districts. Couriers, as such, are not intended; but people of education will be appointed as local guides, and, having a sound knowledge of the beauty spots and the lions of their assigned localities, will prove valuable time-savers to the motor tourist. As soon as a sufficiently extensive list of local guides is available such list will be issued, and the particular qualifications of the guides stated. This will add another value to the Touring Department of the R.A.C., whose work in the past on behalf of members and associates remains unsurpassed.

# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**Coming Events.** It would serve no good purpose to discuss the spring handicaps before the publication of the weights. It is a great pity that the scale for the Lincoln Handicap is so badly arranged that three-year-olds never have a chance of winning. The result is that not a single three-year-old is entered this year. The entry is not a bad one, however, and if Mr. Ord gives us a good handicap the race will produce plenty of excitement. The brothers Joel are supposed to hold the key to the situation, as they have a line to all the best handicap form. The Great Metropolitan will, as usual, be a pretty race to watch, and it is just on the cards that one of the useful old hurdlers (of which many are entered) will win the prize. The City and Suburban will again attract many of the big handicappers of the day. The form of the majority of the horses engaged is well known, so that a good handicap may be confidently looked for. Halcyon has been backed on the lists for this race. St. Michan is among the entries. This horse will win a good race before the season is over. As the Liverpool Spring Cup is now confined to three-year-olds, it is bound to yield well. The distance is one mile. It will be interesting to see how the handicapper treats Romeo, a horse that cost a lot of money. He was well tried as a two-year-old, but never ran up to his trial. The Ascot Gold Cup will, no doubt, bring out a big field, and the Frenchmen are very likely to send over their best stayers. If Lemberg keeps all right, I do not think we need fear the invaders; and although on the St. Leger running Mr. Fairie's colt is held harmless by both Swynford and Bronzino, I venture to suggest that Lemberg will start favourite, with Maher in the saddle—and, what is more, will win.

**Systems.** The many references of late to the letter "S" remind me that a well-known racegoer used to run a system under which he backed all horses whose names began with "S." As there were a very large number running, he had occasionally to make a choice, I believe; but how he did this he would never tell. Anyway, the system paid well up to a certain point, when, like all other systems of the sort, it fared badly, and was forthwith dropped. Another time, a well-known journalist always backed a certain vaticinator's tips to win him £5 and expenses, and then stopped for the day. This system ran for three years, and showed a good profit. But at a Northampton Spring Meeting, the vaticinator, who was engaged on a morning paper, failed to give a single winner for three

days. The result was that all the bank was swallowed up, and the system was discontinued. A well-known bookmaker's clerk once almost proved to my satisfaction that it would pay to follow all the starting-price jobs that had failed. For a time this worked satisfactorily. Then a long sequence of losers spoiled the scheme entirely. One well-known professional backer used to begin following my naps on a system after they had missed a great number of times. This, too, worked well for a time, but in the end the bookies pinched the prices so badly that it was found impossible to get enough money on to recoup the losses. One cautious correspondent says, "If I happen to be on a racecourse and know nothing, I back the first favourite; and if it wins I finish for the day. If it loses, I risk another bet, and finish up my business, whatever the result."

## Pari-Mutuel.

I really do think the time is fast approaching when the totalisator will be in general use on our racecourses. The prices offered by the bookies on most of the races are simply ridiculous, and punters positively decline to do business. The layers make up their minds to bet at a profit, whatever happens, and their books are more than round with three horses backed out of a dozen runners. It should be driven home to the dwellers on the rails that they are only tolerated so long as they play the game straight. Backers have the matter in their own hands. They only have to agitate for the totalisator and it will be theirs. It is well known that ante-post betting is as dead as the dodo, and it has been killed by the rapacity of those who thought they could do as they liked with their best customers. At the present time, the majority of the winners under National Hunt Rules are backed away from the course, and the only way for clerks of courses to prevent this sort of thing would be to introduce the totalisator. The officials argue that by doing so they would lose the money paid by the bookmakers for admission to Tattersall's Ring. Even so, there would be a large influx of the general public, who, I am certain, would prefer to bet to fair prices than do as they have to at present—take the crumbs from the bookmaker's table. Pinched prices are no good in the long run—even to the bookmakers; but the latter, as a body, are terrible cowards, and it would be impossible to get them to be even reasonable in the matter of their offers.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE KAISER'S ONLY DAUGHTER AS "CAVALRY-MAN": PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE OF PRUSSIA IN HUSSAR UNIFORM.

H.I.H. was born at the Marble Palace, near Potsdam, on Sept. 13, 1892. She is the second chief of the regiment of Hussars of the Garde du Corps No. 2.

Photograph by Selle and Kuntze.



THE "IMPERIAL TOURIST" AS SPORTSMAN: THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE IN POLO KIT.

Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd.

# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Glamour of Railway Stations.

It has long been usual to poke fun at railway stations, yet they are, with the exception of docks from which great ships pass out to sea, the most romantic buildings in our modern civilisation. At London stations arrive the young and high of hope, all the future conquerors, the men who are going to take the capital by storm, or by long siege. And from them depart the builders of Empire, the Lost Legions of Kipling's poem, the adventurers, the pioneers, or simply the happy holiday-makers. The brilliant author of "Howard's End" sees all the glamour of our termini, but for her the landscape at the end of the line has more attraction than the strange collections of travellers one sees there. "In Paddington," she says, "all Cornwall is latent, and the remoter west; down the inclines of Liverpool Street lie fen-lands and the illimitable Broads; Scotland is through the pylons of Euston; Wessex behind the poised chaos of Waterloo." But to most of us, Charing Cross and Victoria embody both adventure and pleasure in a high degree, for is not the Continent, with all its strangeness and variety, as well as the inscrutable, remote East at the other end of their glass doors? And so, too, nothing makes us more quickly realise that we are once more at Home than arriving at either of these two stations by the Continental mail. If, as Dr. Johnson said, the pulse of London beats at Charing Cross, it is because it is the centre of the Empire's nervous system, and we realise its vast throbbing directly we are on the platform.

## The Great "Moving" Age.

In this age of unrest and travel, of running round the world, of upheavals of races, it is no wonder that no one ventures to take more than a three years' lease of a house, and that estate agents are at their wits' end to find a comfortable, old-fashioned, settled tenant who will buy a property. For the ideal of Tennyson's Northern Farmer is not that of the twentieth century. We do not want property, nor responsibilities, nor land—unless we are American millionaires—and Londoners, at any rate, as has been wittily said, usually possess some furniture, but nothing else in the way of a homestead. With this furniture they shift about from year to year, seeking a new and more ideal place to reside in; while the more modern spirits do not even possess chairs, tables, or saucepans of their own, but take them on, like an Oxford undergraduate, from some previous occupier of the habitation they are entering. The more sensitive among us, of course, do not always like other people's taste in chairs or choice of saucepans, and to these the restive spirit, which is part of our

modern civilisation, is a constant source of expense and perturbation of soul.

## Foolish French Fashions.

The other day I had a charming letter from an unknown correspondent (I fancy he was a Switzer) in praise of English ladies' taste in dress. The writer praised our countrywomen for the moderation

with which they followed the fashions of Paris. The Continent, he declared, from St. Petersburg to Madrid, accepts any grotesque innovation without a murmur, whereas the Englishwoman adapts, modifies, and transforms the innovation to suit her own personality. I fancy, indeed, that there may come a great world-wide revolt against Paris-made fashions, which are now only remarkable for singularity. Beauty has long gone by the board; but then Taste has been declining in all the arts of France for the last decade. Nothing can take away from the Parisienne her fantasy, the excellence of her workmanship, the ease and dexterity with which she ties a ribbon: but what avail all these qualities when she has to employ them on garments, on hats, which are simply grotesque? The unspeakable hobble skirt—which would have been well enough as the foundation part of an Oriental costume—was handed over to the tailors, with the result which we know. An English tailor, with his racial common-sense and practicality, would never have invented anything so absurd; his efforts have all been towards the emancipation of woman—as witness the modern riding-habit—rather than in a reactionary spirit. Indeed, seeing that we English have invented the only new feminine costumes for a hundred years—namely, the tea-gown and the coat-and-skirt—I do not see why some great dressmaker—man or woman—should not boldly set up in London and dictate the new modes in this city.

## The Eternal Question.

No one has ever yet decided if women possess a sense of humour or not, but it is not yet certain if men, as a mass, have it either. It seems to be a priceless quality which is vouchsafed to few of either sex, and which, though greatly sustaining to the possessor in times of trial and complication,

does not always endear the humourist to his or her contemporaries. Shakespeare and Herr Franz Lehar—the composer of "The Merry Widow"—are at one in their opinion that female folk are humorous only when they "are alone together and making merry over men." This must be a most disquieting view of the matter to the masculine sex, and it is no wonder that they are usually of opinion that their feminine contemporaries are lacking in a real sense of fun.



A DAINY DINER: A DINNER-GOWN OF PINK SATIN  
WITH TINTED GUIPURE LACE AND CHIFFON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman About-Town" page.)

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### The All-British Craze.

To read many journals is to induce a belief that never before have we had any incentive to buy British-made fabrics. The Queen's wishes on this subject have always been known. When her Majesty was married she stipulated that everything for her trousseau must be British-made. Before her marriage she was associated with her mother, the late Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, in reviving the Bethnal Green silk industry. I quite well remember the popularity of the Princess May silk, on which was a Mayflower design, and which had quite a vogue for men's ties. It was discovered about that time that crêpe-de-Chine, Satine Orientale, chiffon, mousseline-de-soie, and many other foreign-sounding fabrics were manufactured in the English Midlands. The head of a so-called Oriental firm on being asked, "Why these foreign names?" replied, "Because the ladies would not buy them if they thought that they were merely English!" When the Queen, as Princess of Wales, made her tour of the Colonies again, the order went out that everything was to be British-made, and everything was. Her Majesty likes English names—silk, brocade, velvet, muslin, silk muslin, satin, and such plain titles for things we all know. "Cloth" sounds just as well as "drap" and "silk" as "soie," could we but believe it. Also on authority of the most irrefutable I state that velvet and satin made here in our own little island are better, and are also cheaper, than any that have ever come here from Lyons! What we are worst off for are fine designs in brocade. These are coming, and any shortage there may be in their variety will be compensated for by superb and varied embroideries at moderate cost. Our Queen is new, but her wish to get her women subjects to encourage their own manufactures is as old as the days of her understanding such matters.

**Luxuriant Locks.** Every woman likes her hair to be a glory unto her. The days we live in and the ways we dress it are not altogether conducive to its well-being. I would therefore suggest some reliable assistance such as Hop and Rosemary Hair Tonic, prepared by Mrs. Cullen, 14, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, W. She also prepares the Ileita cream, powder, and soap, which are found so satisfactory to use. All necessities for manicure ordered from Mrs. Cullen are thoroughly reliable, as she uses only the best materials. The Hop and Rosemary Hair Tonic, used in conjunction with violet oil to render it less drying, has proved thoroughly effectual in many thousands of cases, restoring hair that had got into a very bad way.

**The Opening of Parliament.** The first State function of this reign and this year will necessarily be in half-mourning. The Court is still in changed mourning, and the Queen in mourning not only for the late King, but for her brother, who died three months ago. Her Majesty will therefore wear black on that historic occasion. Queen Alexandra wore, it will be remembered, a complete robe of crape on the occasion of accompanying the late King to open Parliament. The opening was, however, very soon after the death of Queen Victoria. In order to avoid making the first Court of the reign one of half-mourning, it will not be held until after May 7, when the year of Court mourning for King Edward and her Majesty's six months of private mourning for her brother will have expired.

**Squirrel's Coat.** This little nimble creature wears a coat warm, light, soft, and pretty. It is therefore appropriate to call "Squirrel" brand the well-known underwear for men, women, and children made by Messrs. Cartwright and Warner, Loughborough. It embraces all these desirable qualities in great degree, and it also wears well and fits beautifully. Although it is so up to date in every particular, the firm making it is one of the oldest in the trade, having enjoyed a reputation in George the Third's time. This has steadily grown with the growth of the business through six reigns—a truly rare record.

It is sold everywhere. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, my readers can apply to the manufacturers, who will send the address of the dealer nearest to them, who can supply it.

### To Be and Not to Be.

who will be the Pages of Honour to their Majesties, what Peeresses will attend the Coronation, who will be who in Coronation year, generally doing social gymnastics of the most astonishing kind.

The prophets are upon us, busily telling us, in columns of closely printed matter, who is going to give balls, receptions, dinner-parties. Mark Twain said many a true thing in a funny way, but the wisest and the wittiest was "Never prophesy unless you know." Looking back on the past exploits of these prophets as to who were to be the ladies of the Queen's Household, and what the arrangements of their Majesties, I endorse the great Mark's advice, for the prophecies proved exceedingly wide of the mark. Up to now I am quite sure that no hostesses have seriously settled on their entertaining for the season to come.

### Fairy Sight.

This does not imply a recipe for seeing the little people asleep in the flowers, it is rather supplying a necessary aid to short sight or defective sight in a fairy-like, invisible way. Many and many an owner of a young and pretty, or young and handsome boyish face has to wear glasses. Well, the Fairy new rimless invisible eye-glasses are absolutely no disfigurement. They rest on the nose as securely and easily as any spectacles, they are vibrationless in windy weather, and no chain or guard is necessary. The patentees, Messrs. Dollond and Co., have establishments at 35, Ludgate Hill; 223, Oxford Street; 62, Old Broad Street; and 5, Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross.

Tribute from "the Queen of the Midlands" to the King and Queen takes the form of a beautiful Coronation medal, struck by the Mint, Birmingham, Ltd. The medal, which is the work of the eminent sculptor Mr. Albert Toft, himself a native of Birmingham, bears on its obverse the heads of King George and Queen Mary, with the inscription: "Georgius V., Rex et Imp[erator] et Maria Reg[ina]." On the reverse is a symbolic vessel with the royal arms on its sail, the crown on the deck, and in the stern two robed figures blowing trumpets. The sun is seen rising on the horizon as this "ship of state" puts out to sea. This fine medal is to be struck in silver, bronze, and other metals, in sizes varying from 2½ in. to 1½ in. in diameter.

One of the prettiest of the sentimental songs in the Drury Lane pantomime is "The Land of To-Morrow," which is sung by Miss Hilda Playfair. The words, in the vein somewhat of Kingsley's "The Land of Long Ago," but more cheery, are by that well-known journalist and playwright, Mr. John N. Raphael, the Paris correspondent of the *Evening Standard* and the *Daily Express*. The music, simple and tuneful, with a haunting refrain, is by Thérèse Wittmann, who is known in Paris as "Queen of the Waltz"—that is, as a composer. "The Land of To-Morrow" is bound to be popular. It is published by Ascherberg, Hopwood, and Crew, 16, Mortimer Street, W.

Those blessed with many olive-branches know that there is always a demand for "something to do" in the nursery during the long winter evenings. An excellent thing for the children to do is to play at one of Messrs. De La Rue's amusing Pictorial Card Games. The packs of cards, which are printed in colours from original designs, are sold in shilling boxes, each containing the printed rules of the game. There are six games in all—"Cheery Families," "Alice in Wonderland," "Snap," "Animal Grab," "Noah's Ark Card Game," and "Golliwogg." They can be obtained from the International Card Company, West India House, 96-98, Leadenhall Street, E.C., who are the sole agents for De La Rue's card games.

At the Holborn Restaurant a few days ago was held the annual House Dinner of Messrs. Harry Hall, the well-known civil and sporting tailors and breeches specialists, of 205, Oxford Street, and 21 to 31, Eldon Street. After an excellent dinner a number of Mr. Hall's professional friends entertained the company, Mr. Harry Hall himself, the head of the firm, contributing to the programme.



AUTHOR OF "THE KINGDOM OF SLENDER SWORDS": HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES (MRS. POST WHEELER).

"The Kingdom of Slender Swords," which has had a big sale in America, and is shortly to be published over here by Messrs. Everett, is a romance of modern Japan, the hero being a Secretary of the British Embassy at Tokio. As the wife of an American diplomatist attached for some years to the Mikado's Court, Mrs. Post Wheeler had the opportunity of knowing Japan intimately. Mr. Post Wheeler is now Chargé d'Affaires at the United States Embassy in St. Petersburg.

reverse is a symbolic vessel with the royal arms on its sail, the crown on the deck, and in the stern two robed figures blowing trumpets. The sun is seen rising on the horizon as this "ship of state" puts out to sea. This fine medal is to be struck in silver, bronze, and other metals, in sizes varying from 2½ in. to 1½ in. in diameter.



PRESENT FOR COMPETITION BY THE 1ST PUNJAB VOLUNTEER RIFLES: A SILVER CUP AND PLINTH.

This handsome two-handled cup and plinth, of sterling silver, has been presented for competition by the 1st Punjab Volunteer Rifles. The cover is surmounted by the figure of a hockey-player. The cup was modelled and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb (1908), Ltd., of 220, Regent Street, W.; 158-162, Oxford Street, W.; and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 25.*

## THE MARKETS.

THERE is considerable activity in the Stock Markets, and very few brokers are now grumbling at the lack of business. The rise in Canadian Pacifics, the talk of settlement in the case of some minor Central American defaulters, the probability of an end being put to the Oil War, and various other bull points have contributed to make everybody cheerful, and it is generally expected that in such times the efforts being made to galvanise Rhodesians and West Africans into activity stand a fair chance of success. Only the money market remains unsatisfactory, for with the continued foreign demand for gold it looks as if there is not much chance of an early reduction in the official minimum, which at its present high figure certainly hampers both trade and speculation.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS BOURSE.

The fine rectangular building, divided into three chambers by graceful pillars, rang with the cries of a thousand members. All round the four walls were desks at which sat clerks, busily engaged in writing and decoding wires, sending messages, and attending to orders. Banks and financial institutions whose names are household words in both Continents were represented. Here and there one caught sight of a face as well known in New York as in London.

Two men paced the flags of a garden-court that offered pleasant contrast—though the snow lay on the ground—to the hot atmosphere within the Bourse. Besides, they could smoke, and that was not allowed inside, following London's lead.

The walkers conversed in English, some of it broken, some vernacular.

"Heaps of it," one man declared. "Heaps of business. Some of the London Stock Exchange firms allow their agents twelve hundred pounds a year towards expenses."

"Tall-ish," commented the other, "considering that the number of London things you deal in isn't much greater than the number of top-hats in your Exchange."

The other made a gesture of impatience.

"We are the grand market in Canadian Pacific," he maintained.

"Thanks to London. How about — and Co?" naming one of the biggest firms in the London Yankee market. "Aren't they big people?"

"I do not know how they do it," confessed the other. "Their agent here gets a telegram at twelve o'clock, let us say, offering to sell 500 Canada at 214 or to buy at 213½, for ten minutes. After ten minutes comes another telegram, perhaps altering the prices, but still leaving only a quarter margin between buying and selling, and always for ten minutes."

"And on that you boast of the market in Canadas being here!"

The Agent declined to be disturbed. "We do much more with New York than with London," he averred, "chiefly because it is cheaper. We deal only in Canadas, Baltimore, and Pennsylvania officially. But it is getting cold," and he tossed the end of his Austrian cigarette into the fountain.

The men turned back to the Bourse, and raised their hats as they murmured adieu.

"Why are Yankees popular over here?" and the London broker accepted a seat on a bench, where each space was marked with a plate designating the owner—something like a pew in churches where sittings are let.

"Germany," answered a white-haired member, speaking perfect English, "is a progressive country, but all except a few small lines are State-owned. English railway stocks have preposterous stamp-transfers. America offers plenty of opportunity for everything. Therefore our friends like Canadas and Yankees."

"What about mines, eh?"

"There has been much money lost here in mines, and we no longer like them, except a few. What's this?"

It was a cable containing six sets of figures, and the address.

"Greek to me," said the Englishman.

The other turned it over, and on the back those six sets of figures were decoded into fifteen shares, with prices in eighths and sixteenths.

"Telegraphic address, 'Simplicitas, Arcadia,'" said the Londoner. "I see De Beers are 18½."

"Good market," nodded the other, as he calmly brushed away a violet dropped on to his coat by a lady in the balcony overhead.

"They are safe for 20 before the end of March; so everybody says."

"We deal in them a little over here; and in Copper shares, too."

"And in Rubber?"

"Not a bit. Some of us sold bears at the top." He very slightly drooped the left eyelid. "But none of our big banks took up the business at the start, so we have left it alone ever since."

Round the long oblong table in the middle there developed sudden and violent excitement as the clock—a frightfully noisy affair—struck half-past one.

"It is the official jobbers fixing what you might call the daily making-up prices for all cash bargains," explained the local broker.

"Buying and selling orders are brought together in that way; the transactions are booked at the same price, and the jobbers get a fixed turn on every order."

This mystified the Londoner so much that he went and posted a wire to his firm at home, in a box reserved for pneumatic service of letters round the city. But the box certainly looked like a telegram-aperture.

"Can't do any trade," he observed despondently; "so what next?" He pulled out his watch, studied it with an expression of intense boredom, when all at once his face brightened. "The very thing!" he exclaimed.

Five minutes later he was in the avenue Unter den Linden.

## THE VALUE OF CANADIAN PACIFICS.

The raising of the distribution on Canadian Pacifics to 10 per cent. per annum, expected and inevitable as it was, appears to have taken the market by surprise for the moment. Your readers, at any rate, should have been fully prepared for this step, for it has been often urged in this column that the shares were intrinsically worth 250, and that an advance in the rate of dividend was only a question of time. Now that they have been actually placed on a 10 per cent. basis, the market seems to be a little at sea as to what the price of the shares should be, and what is their present value to the investor.

There are those who say that, now that the plunge has been taken, there is nothing more to go for, no further increase in dividend to be expected, and consequently no further attraction in the shares from the speculative point of view. I venture to think that this is taking a very short-sighted view of the future of Canadian Pacifics. Assuming, however, for the moment that the premises are correct and that 10 per cent. is the maximum dividend to be expected on the shares, there is, in my opinion, room for a considerable further advance in the quotation. It must be remembered that 10 per cent. does not represent in any way what the Company is actually earning; in fact, if the directors chose to distribute the profits to the last dollar, there would be no difficulty in paying 10 per cent. from the earnings of the railway alone, altogether apart from the ever-growing income from the land sales, etc. The shareholders can therefore rest secure that there will be no diminution in the rate of dividend, even if a succession of bad years should come, labour troubles increase, or competition become more severe. And in this connection I may remind your readers that the past year has not been a particularly good one in Canada, there having been a considerable falling off in the total field crops of the Dominion. Had the harvest been a "bumper" one, the earnings of the Canadian Pacific would be something stupendous. In view of these facts I do not believe that it will long be possible to buy Canadian Pacific shares to return more than 4½ per cent. This return will be received with the shares at 222, and I regard an advance to this figure as inevitable in the early future.

The popularity of the shares as an investment, the free market which they enjoy, and the security of the dividend, all make it certain that this price should easily be reached. But I do not for one moment suppose that the shareholders are never to expect more than this rate. It is perhaps likely that the Directors may be unwilling for many reasons to advance the dividend from the railway earnings alone to more than 7 per cent.; granting this, however, there remain two sources from which further profit will accrue to the fortunate shareholders. There will certainly be further issues of capital in years to come, which will constitute a bonus to shareholders; and the income from the proceeds of land sales must increase from year to year. Although, for the present, it has seemed best not to segregate the land assets from the other assets of the Railway, the time may come when the bulk of the unsold land has been disposed of and settled, actually to "cut the melon," and when that time comes it will be surprising if the shareholders receive less than 300 dollars in all for their shares. In the circumstances I think your readers will be better advised to increase their holdings than to part with them at anything like the current quotation. Q.

Saturday, Jan. 14, 1911.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. W.—We answered your letter fully on the 9th inst.

C. M.—(1) We have a poor opinion of the Company and the people connected with it, but it is doubtful if you can sell. (2) Lima Railway 5 per cent. Debenture stock or United of Havana Railway Cumulative Preference stock should suit.

L. H. M.—We would rather not recommend any Rubber shares for a "reasonably quick rise." If you buy things like Liuggi or Vallambrosa when the market is dull and the price of raw rubber down, you might be able to make a shilling or two by jobbing in and out.

SAFETY.—Both banks are of high standing, and, as far as can be seen, quite safe; but the uncalled liability—probably nominal—is there. You could get 5 per cent. in plenty of 'stocks with safety and no liability.

SELLER.—What the broker says is true. There is no market; but by waiting he may be able to negotiate a sale in a few days.

GLOBE.—We doubt the advisability of buying more to average. It would be better to buy shares in some more promising Company.

E. C. P.—(1) The Beira Debentures seem assured of their full interest; but even deducting arrears, the present price does not leave room for much rise. (2) Missouri Pacific First and refunding convertible 5 per cent. Bonds at about 93 would suit you, or see answer to "C. M."

UNCERTAIN.—We are very doubtful. All wild rubber is speculative, and a trust to support wild rubber shares more so. The Company would not suit us either for investment or speculation.

W. HAMPSTEAD.—We have never heard anything against them.

DOVER.—You are alarmed without sufficient cause. The only way the Government is likely to hurt you is by excessive income tax, which, as your income is small, you can get back. All your stocks are about their lowest, we think, and absolutely safe as to interest. The Rubber shares at present quotations are a gamble on the future price of the raw article.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newbury I like these: Sefton Steeplechase, Black Plum; United Hunt's Cup, Shelsey; Maiden Hurdle, Jacobus; Winchester Steeplechase, Flaxen; Berkshire Hurdle, Carntoi; Ogbourne Steeplechase, B.M.; Moderate Hurdle, Honesty. At Lingfield these may run well: Howard Steeplechase, Boralira; New Year Steeplechase, Jack; Stayers' Hurdle, Waveland; Holly Steeplechase, Tokay; Blindley Hurdle, El Oro; Hammerwood Steeplechase, Our King; Tandridge Hurdle, Gallas; Sussex Hurdle, Wad.

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"Children of the Cloven Hoof."**

BY ALBERT DORRINGTON.  
(*Mills and Boon.*)

Wonger-vines, blue-gums, and wallabies give constant reminders that Mr. Dorrington is writing about the Australian bush. In spite of much enthusiasm, he fails of painting the landscape so attractively that one would see Australia and die. But hunger, anger, and love are much the same there as elsewhere—that is to say, quite elemental, familiar things, and the little group of people who suffer them are as clear to the eye as though loving and sinning in Kensington or Devonshire. With this difference, that society in a new continent recalls the conditions of mediæval England, when cattle and other stealing went to the foundations of our best families. Cattle-lifting has a *cachet* in the Bush quite unknown to theft in this country, and the man who lives by practising it looks, in this case at least, something of a hero and quite the gentleman. David Bellinger's farm joins that of a rich squatter, who filched so long ago that already he is putting on the airs of the landed aristocrat, and sends his son to Magdalen. David, by taking when and where he could, has educated one daughter expensively and reared two sons. It was a foregone conclusion that his Juliet should hanker after his enemy's Romeo. Romeo, home from Oxford, gets into serious trouble, from which Juliet extricates him; gratitude and love hurry on the marriage, and Romeo works out his salvation with no help but hers, in exile from the wealth and ease he had been taught to consider his right. All ends well, with Romeo's avaricious papa dandling the baby, and Juliet's light-fingered parent gazing tenderly at it through the window.

**"Pam the Fiddler."**

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.  
(*T. Werner Laurie.*)

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's historical romance belongs to Yorkshire dales—Wensleydale and the like, where the cheeses come from. It deals with the futile struggle made by the English North for Mary Stuart and Catholicism against Elizabeth and the Reformers. Though proud names of Percy and Darcy cross the page at times, it is not to these that the tale owes its chivalry, but to the Nortons—father and nine sons, country-gentry worshippers of two Marias, the Virgin and the Queen. Were it not for the personal beauty of attitude displayed by such Catholic loyalists as the Nortons, the long empty cries of "The brooks are rising!" "They brim!" "They overflow!" would grow unbearably tedious. Mr. Sutcliffe seems to think that better generalship, another chief—old Richard Norton, for example—might have struck blows for Mary which, if not mortal, would at least have been

mortifying to Elizabeth. But it is impossible to believe that in any sense as a country was England concerned in this business. The personal magnetism of an irresistible woman, backed up by the personal courage of a few devout Catholics, could not produce the force to sway England from her lusty sense of having grown up and come of age. So long, however, as romancers romance about the story of their country will the North's battle-cry of its brooks awake the beauty of Mary Stuart against a background of English gentlemen whose glad doom it was to fight for the Ideal, and to die before its veils grew too thin. Old Norton, father of the nine sons and one most attractive daughter, is a very satisfactory creation of a national hero. His honour—and with the Nortons the word is as frequent as was "umble" on the lips of Uriah Heep—may be a trifle lurid, but we are accustomed to the limelights, and things must be got across the footlights. No readers but those who perversely adore Becky and despise Colonel Newcome will be able to resist loving him. His masterly retreat with the poor serving-men to whom he alone of their leaders recognised a duty, and its close in a glorious skirmish, are very pleasantly recounted. In such a busy, stirring narrative one need neither ask nor wish for any great scholarship; there is enough research to create an atmosphere, though it would scarcely be in Tudor mouths to complain of the doctrine of infallibility of the Pope. Everything has its technique; nothing more so than the historical romance, and within the picture Mr. Sutcliffe has made a very gallant, entertaining affair of it.

**"A Complex Love Affair."**

BY JAMES BLYTH.  
(*John Long.*)

A most unlikely crime tangles and tears the knots of the "complex love affair." Mrs. Cottenham collects an odd house-party. For her son, the co-respondent in a recent divorce case, she invites the divorcée (pending the decree nisi) and also an ingénue whom she would fain have called daughter-in-law. Her son, Tom P., is virtually engaged to the divorcée; another guest proposes to a penniless young woman, who spends her holidays at Cottenham Manor by charity of her hostess. He does so without in the least wishing to, being in love with Miss Cottenham. A girl is murdered in the village, and the curate is under sentence of death for the crime. But the curate's wife is proved mad; she had stabbed her victim from jealousy, and to show how she did it, repeats the operation on Mrs. Cottenham's penniless young guest; so endeth one engagement. Tom's infatuation has suffered eclipse, the divorcée has behaved as badly over the murder as the ingénue behaved well. Fortunately, the divorcing husband misconducts himself, failing thereby his decree nisi; and the air is clear for the ingénue's wedding-bells. They ring also for Miss Cottenham, who consoles the bereaved fiancé.

**A Message to every Skin Sufferer**

SKIN troubles are irritating, disfiguring, annoying, and humiliating. You know how you dread the idea of a skin complaint, and no effort, therefore, ought to be too great to keep your skin in perfect health, spotlessness, and beauty, or to restore it to this condition should you be suffering from skin disease. The Antexema treatment is the one certain method of doing this; it is equally successful in every skin trouble, and can be adopted without interfering with your occupation or comfort. There cannot, therefore, be any excuse for continuing to suffer, and if you do, it will be because you fail to take advantage of the certain remedy that medical science has placed at your service.

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The worst and most maddening irritation stops the moment Antexema touches the bad place, and the healing process immediately begins, even though you have been tortured by incessant itching for months. Thousands of skin sufferers whose troubles were terrible and who had failed to get relief in any other way, tried Antexema and immediately gained the ease and restful sleep they were longing for. It will be the same with you if you use Antexema. Accept the Free Trial offer at once.

Under the one term "skin troubles" are included not only severe, but slight, everyday ailments. Please

note, however, that Antexema is equally good for either slight or severe troubles. Anything that affects skin health or detracts from its beauty is a form of skin illness, and is curable by Antexema—but only by Antexema. Pimples and blackheads are forms of skin illness; rough, chapped, scurfy skin, cracked lips, bad legs, chilblains, and face spots are all varieties of skin illness. Then, again, there are the skin ailments of babies and children; and also rashes and eruptions, and scores of other unpleasant troubles; but most frequent of all are the various kinds of eczema, including eczema of the face, legs, arms, back and chest. This skin complaint causes almost intolerable suffering, but, like all other skin troubles, it disappears if Antexema is used.

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Send three penny stamps for a copy of the booklet, "Skin Troubles," and with it will be forwarded a Free Trial of Antexema, Antexema Soap, the great aid to skin health, and Antexema Granules, which purify the blood. Send at once to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Adopt the Antexema treatment and be convinced of its marvellous value.



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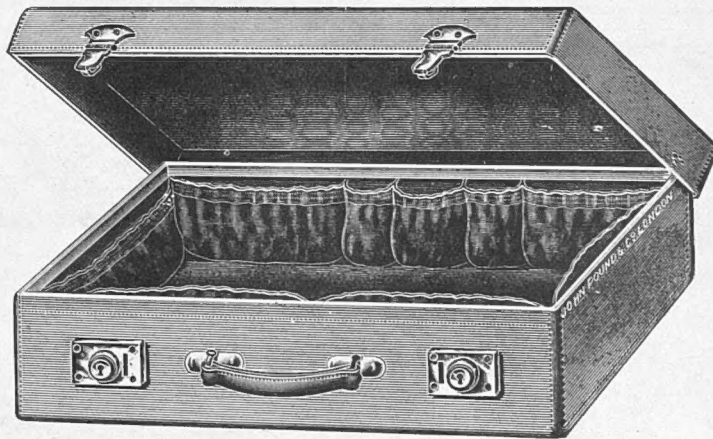
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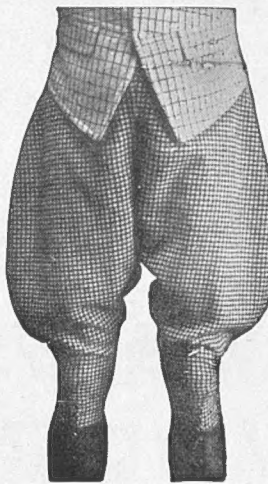
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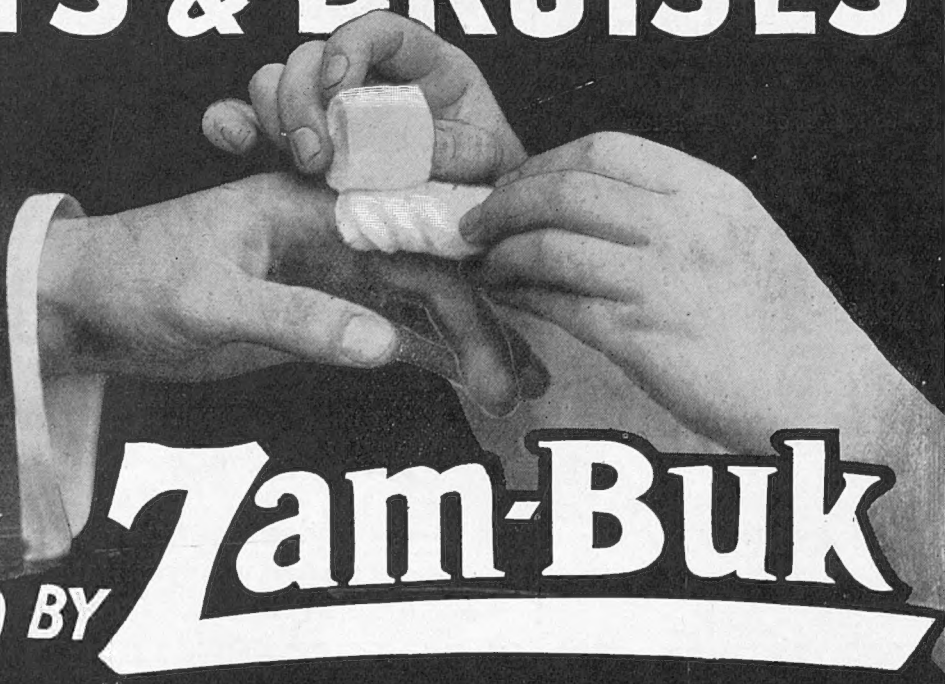
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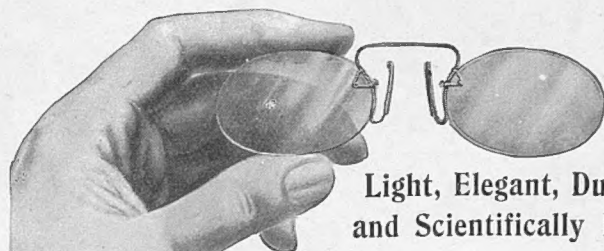


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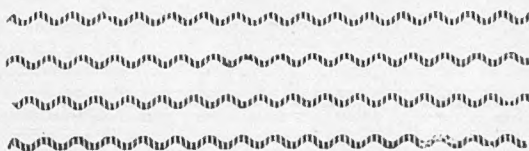
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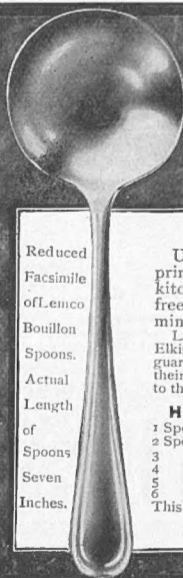
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